

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1867.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY, AND LONDON COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

LONDON, in respect of its institutions for the higher education, is in a state of disgraceful chaos.

In this great city, if in any city or capital in the world, there ought surely to be a fully-equipped university. There ought to be an organization of means, round some conspicuous centre, whereby all those of the inhabitants that may be in search of the most perfect possible instruction in the liberal arts and sciences, or in any branch of them, might, without going beyond the bounds of the metropolis, find that instruction. True, the two ancient universities of England still exist in all their transmitted power and splendour, and also, it is believed, with an amount of pliability to new exigencies likely to secure for a long time to come their pre-eminence as national institutions. But why should not London by this time have had in her own possession an apparatus for the higher education, organized as visibly, and under as far-flashing a name, as either Oxford University, or Cambridge University? Granted the propriety of setting apart two quiet towns of mid-England for the express business of academic education, so that these towns should be, in

an especial manner, the homes of the English Muses. Still, might it not have been well for England if long ago London had also had a university, as well appointed as those of Oxford and Cambridge—founded as such a university would necessarily have been, on somewhat different principles, and obliged as it would have been, by the very fact of its being metropolitan, to study wider intellectual conveniences? Or, if there were reasons in the past why the supreme apparatus for instruction in the Arts and Sciences should be located out of London, are such reasons valid now? Organized or not organized, it is from the mass of various intellect now gathered in London—intellect of philosophical speculation; intellect of scientific research; intellect of art, of history, and of literary criticism—that the influence radiates which can alone or mainly be called dominant in England. Should there ever be a centralization, therefore, for national purposes, of the intellectual *machinery* of all England, where can the centre properly be but in London? But let such a general centralization be but a dream of the far horizon, and let Oxford and Cambridge be as sure of continued national emi-

nence as their best sons wish—is it possible that all England can now-a-days delegate the organized care of the highest academic education which the country requires to Oxford and Cambridge? What may be felt by other parts of England, the north and the west for example, needs not be inquired here. We speak of London only. But we may speak of London in two aspects. We may speak of it as a vast fixed population of three millions, having needs of its own, the means of satisfying which it might fairly like to have accessible within its own limits. Or we may speak of it as the capital of Great Britain, where many who have received part of their education elsewhere, Oxford men and Cambridge men included, have to spend large parts of their lives, and where it may justly be expected that for such, as well as for its own *alumni*, there should be the means, on and on, for every kind of liberal study in its last phases, and to its utmost ramifications. In either case, London ought to have a university, a teaching institute of arts and sciences, commensurate with its size. For the sake of those of its own multitudinous youth it cannot afford to see the business of a high liberal education delegated any longer, even ostensibly, to Oxford and Cambridge. Nor, whatever training Oxford or Cambridge, or other places of education, may have given to those who come to reside in London, is it desirable that London should remain in such a condition that these persons, from the time of their arrival in it, must consider their general education closed, or, if they want to extend it by cultivating anything they have formerly neglected, must look about dubiously, and be driven to consult a medley of newspaper advertisements, and puffs of so-called colleges, for information where to go. In short, on all grounds, London ought to have a university, a corporate apparatus for the highest general and professional instruction, more vast and conspicuous, better organized, giving occupation to more of the best minds of the land in the work

of teaching, conferring more dignity and influence on all so connected with it, looked on by the State with more favour and solicitude, beheld with more pride and interest by the whole nation, and heard of abroad with clearer and broader rumour, than any institution now figuring under the name of college, university, or whatever else, in the pages of the *London Directory*.

But *is* there not a "University of London" already? There is, and it is a most efficient and flourishing institution after its kind. The degrees it confers are among the most hard-won and honourable in the three kingdoms; and the body of its graduates may be considered a body of exceptionally high intelligence and culture. The rise of the institution in so short a time to the place of peculiar command which it holds, not in London alone, but over the whole country, is a fact of some consequence in recent British history; and no provision of the Reform Bill of the late session ought to give, or has given, more general satisfaction than that which erects this university, unhampered by the proposed absurdity of a conjunction with Durham, into a distinct parliamentary constituency. So much respecting it at present. In what particulars it fails to answer the idea of such a University of London as we have now in view, and how far and in what way it might fit itself into the measures that would have to be taken towards supplying the desideratum, are matters for farther explanation. Meanwhile, to verify our remark that London, in respect of its institutions for the higher education, is yet in a state of chaos, let us draw out a brief descriptive list of all the institutions anyhow belonging to this class that we know of as existing in London:—

I. THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—This great national establishment, created by the State at enormous cost, and upheld by large annual grants of State-money, as well as occasional special grants, may be regarded as one of the educational establishments of London—indeed, as the

greatest of them all. None of its large staff of officials are teachers or lecturers; they are but keepers, in different grades and at different salaries, of its vast collections of antiquities, objects of natural history, books, &c. But, by resort to these collections, students in London, of all ages, and of the most diverse pursuits, have a means of instruction open to them such as perhaps no other metropolis could furnish. They have but to pass within the gates, and they may look, and read, and study for themselves. The Museum, in short, is a teaching institution without any staff of teachers. Its affairs are managed by a body of trustees, including some of the Cabinet Ministers and great officers of State, together with others of the most distinguished men in the realm elected for the business. To be an elected trustee of the British Museum is to wear "the blue riband of British literature." The librarianships and keeperships are also posts suitable for men of high scientific or literary distinction; and many such men have held, or now hold, these posts. The great botanist, Robert Brown, was head of the Botanical Department; and the present superintendent of the Natural History Department is Professor Owen.

II. SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.—This is a rather complex congeries of institutions—we had almost said jumble of institutions—owing its origin to recommendations of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Impressed with the necessity of a more systematic instruction in science and art for our industrial classes, to enable them to compete with foreign nations in the higher products of industry, the Commissioners urged on Government the propriety of bringing together under one administration the various institutions for the promotion of Art and Practical Science already existing in connexion with the State and supported by the public funds. The result was, that in 1853 the Lords of the Treasury acquiesced in a proposal of the Privy Council that the following

institutions, then already existing, should be consolidated into one department, under the Board of Trade:—*The Department of Practical Art*, a development of certain "Central Schools of Design," which had existed from 1837; *The Department of Practical Science*, a more recent institution, which was only taking shape; *The Government School of Mines and Science*, founded in 1851; *The Museum of Practical Geology*, established in Jermyn Street in 1850; *The Geological Society*, already in connexion with the Jermyn Street Museum; *The Museum of Irish Industry*, an institution founded in Dublin by Government in 1845; and *The Royal Dublin Society*, dating its existence from 1731. All these institutions, the collective grants to which in the year previous to their amalgamation had amounted to £1,586*l.*, were thenceforth to be under one common superintendence, and were to form a kind of Government agency for the teaching of science and art, the influence of which should be disseminated over the country by means of affiliated local institutions, either self-supporting or only slightly aided by public money. Of the institutions so combined into one, it will be noted, five were in London and two in Dublin. In 1853, however, another London institution was added to the department—viz. *The Royal College of Chemistry*, founded in 1845, and situated in Oxford Street. Finally, in 1854, the Department took an extension into Scotland, by the foundation by Government of a new Industrial Museum in Edinburgh, with which museum was incorporated the Natural History Museum formerly belonging to Edinburgh University. The Department, thus completed, and consisting of a conjunction or crude association of eight London institutions, two Dublin institutions, and one Edinburgh institution, remained attached to the Board of Trade till 1856, when an order of Council transferred it to the Committee of Privy Council on Education. This Committee of the Privy Council on Education is, as our readers are aware, the nearest

approach we have in this country to a Ministry of Education, though some of the functions that would belong to such a Ministry, if we had it, are performed now by the Home Secretary. The Committee on Education, in fact, has under its management two great divisions of business—the business of PRIMARY EDUCATION, carried on by the primary schools of the country, and kept under Government superintendence by means of inspectorships, &c.; and the business of this motley DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART, represented in the above-named institutions in the three capital cities, and in the ramifications of these institutions, all having reference to the higher education of the community, or to those kinds of the higher education that are supposed to bear most directly on industrial interests. The two divisions of business are kept quite distinct, and there is a flow of public money annually into each. The vote for the Department of Science and Art in 1860 was 94,951*l.*, or more than double the sum voted for the separate institutions collectively before their union.

From the account just given it will be seen that the SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION includes a good deal that cannot be brought under the head of “means for the higher education in London.” The Department spreads its tentacles beyond London, and it includes business other than that of instruction—the business, for example, of the Geological Survey. Nevertheless, some of the most important items for any list that might be drawn up of places for the higher education in London are furnished by this Government Department. Let us pick out these items:—(1) Having its headquarters in Jermyn Street, but with chemical laboratories in Oxford Street, there is what may be called *The Government School of Science*, usually designated “The Royal School of Mines,” but in fact consisting of that institution in union with the “Royal College of Chemistry.” Its head or director is Sir Roderick Murchison; and its teaching-

staff consists of seven professors—for Natural History, Professor Huxley; for Physics, Professor Tyndall; for Chemistry, Professor Frankland; for Metallurgy, Dr. Percy; for Mineralogy and Mining, Professor Warrington Smyth; for Geology, Professor Ramsay; for Applied Mechanics, Professor Willis. The fees charged at this establishment from the regular students are very much at the academic rate—a whole sum of 30*l.*, or two annual payments of 20*l.* each, or 3*l.* or 4*l.* per single course of lectures. A great feature of the institution, however, is the delivery of evening courses of lectures to workingmen only at a very low fee. Diligent audiences of as many as 600 attend these courses. (2) Having its headquarters at South Kensington, and in connexion with the South Kensington Museum, is what may be called more especially *The Government School of Art*, though it assumes usually the general name of “The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council.” Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., is the General Secretary and Director of the Museum; and the establishment consists of what, on paper at least, appears a confusion of branches. There is a “Science Division,” with inspectors, examiners, &c.; there is an “Art Division,” with similar officials; there is “The Museum,” with its keepers, clerks, &c.; there is “The National Art Training School” (for training Art-teachers); and there is “The Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.” It is in connexion with the last two that we find shreds of business in common with that of most colleges and universities. Thus, in the National Art Training School Professor Marshall is Lecturer on Anatomy, and there are lecturers on Botany and Geometry; and at the head of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering is Dr. Joseph Woolley, as “Inspector-General and Director of Studies,” among whose subordinates is an instructor in Practical Chemistry.

III. ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN IN ALBEMARLE STREET.—Nominally a private society of members,



with a reading-room and library as well as a lecture theatre, this institution deserves to be singled out here from among many similar, but minor, institutions in London, on account of the especial importance of its lecture theatre. The institution was founded in 1799 by Count Rumford, Sir Joshua Banks, and others, for the purpose of facilitating scientific inventions and discoveries, and creating an interest in matters of science. Sir Humphry Davy flashed into public notice as a lecturer here, and, becoming resident professor in the institution, made some of his discoveries in its laboratory. Here the young bookbinder Faraday heard Davy lecture, with consequences which the world knows. From 1813, when Faraday became Davy's assistant, the Royal Institution can claim as its property the whole of Faraday's career. Here he made his researches and discoveries, and here latterly, as resident professor, he delivered those marvellous courses of lectures which charmed all London. After Faraday's retirement a few years ago, Professor Tyndall became his successor, so that now the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street shares with the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn Street the services of this distinguished *savant*. Not exclusively on the resident Professors—lately Faraday and now Tyndall—does the fame of the lecture theatre of the institution depend. Connected courses of scientific lectures have been delivered here by Huxley, Frankland, and others; and, indeed, every season there are such courses of considerable length, along with shorter courses, scientific or philosophical, by the most eminent men at hand. Perhaps the highest and most elaborate form attained by the lecture system anywhere in the United Kingdom is that exemplified in the regular afternoon lectures at the Albemarle Street institution during the London season, and, in a more popular vein, by the Friday evening lectures at the same place. Among the philosophical and literary lecturers have been Buckle, Froude, Maurice, Kingsley, and Professor Bain.

IV. GRESHAM COLLEGE.—This old foundation in the City of London is an example of a good intention frustrated through error in the original arrangements, and the absence of a subsequent power of suitable revision. It arose out of an agreement between the famous merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, on the one hand, and the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company of London on the other, whereby, in return for Gresham's gift of the Royal Exchange to the city, those two bodies undertook to institute courses of lectures on these seven subjects—Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic—to be delivered *gratis*, in term-time, in Gresham's house in Basinghall Street, which he made over as a college for the purpose. These Gresham courses of lectures were begun in 1597, on the death of Gresham's widow; and for more than a century Gresham College was a place of some note in the annals of English science and literature. Students from Oxford and Cambridge, who had settled in or near London, frequented it for instruction in branches of science they had neglected, or had found insufficient means for prosecuting in their own universities. Milton, for example, after leaving Cambridge in 1632, seems to have gone to it occasionally for farther insight into geometry, astronomy, and the theory of music. One of its Professors of Geometry was Dr. Isaac Barrow; but, indeed, there is a well-known collection of "Lives of the Gresham Professors," published in 1740, and containing much curious and valuable information respecting very worthy men. The first college was taken down in 1768; after which, for many years, the lectures were given in a room over the old Royal Exchange. The present college dates, we believe, from 1843. Lecturers, or Professors, are still appointed, and, we suppose, receive salaries, and appear at stated hours to be ready to lecture; but, as far as we can hear, there are never any audiences, nor is it very ardently expected that there should be. The college is, in fact, a nullity.

The heart of the City of London is not a place where people now will flock to hear lectures on Drawing, Astronomy, Rhetoric, &c. in the hours of business, whatever may have been the case when Gresham lived, and London had gates and walls, and a tidy little population of all classes accommodated in the quaint-gabled streets within them. Besides, the *gratis* principle seems here to have worked ill. So, at least, Dr. Johnson thought. "Gresham College," he said to Boswell, "was intended as a 'place of instruction for London; able 'professors were to read lectures *gratis*;' 'they contrived to have no scholars; 'whereas, if they had been allowed to 'receive but sixpence a lecture from 'each scholar, they would have been 'emulous to have had many scholars." There is, doubtless, something in this. Might not the foundation be confiscated or remodelled?

V. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—This institution, with its domed edifice in an open space in Gower Street, and its attached hospital opposite, is the memorial, and something more, of a real attempt to provide London with such a university as it needed—a university after the German or Scottish model, but with modifications to suit time and place. It was founded in 1826, by a number of men eminent on what was then the "Liberal" side of public affairs, Lord Brougham being at their head, with the express intention of affording to young men of all denominations, and without the impediments then arising from religious tests and obligations at Oxford and Cambridge, adequate opportunities for a literary and scientific education at a moderate expense. From the first it included a Faculty of Arts and Laws, and a Faculty of Medicine; but Theology was excluded from its curriculum. Although only a proprietary institution, or joint-stock undertaking, and having no recognition from Government, it started with the fairest prospects, with the name of "The University of London," and with a well-contrived organization fully answering to that name. There was much talk about

it, *pro* and *con*, throughout the three kingdoms—Liberals and Dissenters approving of its principles, and wishing it well; and Tories and Churchmen, on the other hand, denouncing it vehemently, laughing at the idea of its puny rivalry with Oxford or Cambridge, and fitting to it all sorts of nicknames and epithets of abuse.

"O the wondrous wondrous man that planned  
our great machine—  
The London University, and the Penny  
Magazine!"

is a scrap of one of the old squibs of that time against Lord Brougham; and Oxford men and Cambridge men of the present day, who have learnt to respect University College, and have been earnest to bring Oxford and Cambridge themselves more and more round to some of the principles on which it was founded, would be amazed by the proofs that might be given of the rancour with which it was regarded at the outset by their predecessors.

It was time, indeed, that an experiment of a university on such principles should be tried in England; and in 1836 the Government came to the rescue of the experiment. Instead, however, of chartering the Gower Street institution by the name of "The London University," which it had till then borne, and allowing it to go on with that name, educating students, granting degrees, &c., they persuaded it to part with that name (which, perhaps, all circumstances considered, it is a pity it ever did), and to accept a charter as *University College* merely—Government at the same time signalising its approbation of the non-sectarian principle by instituting, also by charter, a totally new "University of London," organized so as not to be a teaching-body at all, but only a body for examining and granting degrees. What Government said to the founders of the Gower Street institution was substantially this:—"We approve of your principles, and should like to see a London University, whose degrees, granted to all comers irrespectively of religious opinions, should compete with those

of the two ancient universities; but would it not be better that such a university should not be identified with a single building or college, but should be an independent body, appointed by the Crown, and grasping many colleges, your own included, in a kind of affiliation?" Matters having been arranged so in 1836, "The University of London" has since then been one thing, and "University College, London," has been a totally distinct thing.

This latter has gone on, still in Gower Street, as a college in the proper sense of the term—*i.e.* an institution of classes for education in the Arts, in Law, and in Medicine. The number of students attending it every year in the Faculty of Arts and Laws averages about 240 or 250; and in the Faculty of Medicine the average number is about 180. Evening classes for others than regular students have also been instituted. The number of professorships in the Faculty of Arts and Laws is twenty-seven. In the Medical Faculty there are fourteen classes. None of the chairs are publicly endowed; the College receives not a farthing of Government money; the Professors are remunerated solely by their class-fees. Among the past or present Medical Professors of the College may be mentioned Sir Charles Bell, Professor Graham (now Master of the Mint), Liston (the famous surgeon), Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, Dr. Lindley, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Sharpey, Dr. Russell Reynolds, Professor Quain, Professor Erichsen, Professor Marshall, and Sir Henry Thompson; and in its list of Professors of Arts and Laws have been, or are, such men as Austin (Jurisprudence), Panizzi, Latham, George Long, Ramsay (Geology), Sylvester, A. J. Scott, Key, De Morgan, F. W. Newman, Tom Taylor, Arthur Hugh Clough, Malden, Seeley, Williamson, and Henry Morley. Little wonder that, with a teaching-staff that can be represented by such names, University College has acquired a peculiarly high reputation. The Medical School of the College is one of the most celebrated in the kingdom.

VI. KING'S COLLEGE.—Co-equal in general estimation with University College, and, indeed, the only other institution in London fully answering to the idea of a college as a place of complete liberal education, is King's College, quartered in Somerset House, in the Strand, and having its hospital (King's College Hospital) not far off. This college, founded in 1828, was the result of a kind of reaction against the views of the founders of University College. While it was the avowed distinction of University College that it should be open to all religions and sects, it was published as the "fundamental principle" of King's College, that "instruction in the Christian religion" should be an indispensable part of whatever education was to be received there. Thus, from the first, the College was rather in sympathy with Oxford and Cambridge opinion, and in declared connexion with the Church of England. This did not prevent, but rather helped, its development by the side of University College, and for a long time it has been a most efficient institution. The classes are divided, not into Faculties, but into four departments—"A Theological Department," a "Department of General Literature," a "Department of the Applied Sciences," and a "Medical Department." There are, in all, forty-two professorships, besides lectureships. The number of matriculated students in all departments, in the Lent Term of 1865, was 391; but there are evening classes in the College, very largely attended by occasional students. The roll of the past and present Professors of King's College exhibits many shining names. Among the theological professors have been Archbishop Trench, Bishop Ellicott, Mr. Perowne, and Professor Maurice—the dissension between the last of whom and the College authorities, on account of his theological views, caused some commotion at the time. In the departments of Literature and Science, we find the names of Mr. Nassau Senior, Dr. Dasent, Mr. Charles H. Pearson, Mr. Brewer, Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall, Mr. Thorold Rogers,

Canon Moseley, Mr. Clark Maxwell, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Phillips, Professor Ansted, and Professor Wheatstone; and in the Medical Department, the names of Professor Edward Forbes, Herbert Mayo, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Lionel Beale, Professor Daniell, Professor Miller, Sir Thomas Watson, Dr. Guy, Dr. Farre, and Sir William Fergusson. To have been able to include some of these names in the roll of the Professors of King's College, it is evident that the College authorities, though strict in the Theological Department, as was proved by their conduct in Mr. Maurice's case, must have construed the "fundamental principle" of the institution, so far as the other departments were concerned, very temperately and wisely. Like University College, King's College is totally unaided by public money.

VII. SPECIAL COLLEGES OF DISSENTING BODIES.—Omitting such colleges of this class as provide only theological teaching, and the professional training necessary for preachers, we may mention three as doing something more. In the *New College*, a handsome building recently erected in Finchley Road, St. John's Wood (a union in 1850 of several colleges of the Independents previously separate), there are general professorships as well as theological—the Professorship of Greek and Latin, for example, being held by Dr. William Smith. In the *Regent's Park College* (a spacious mansion within the Park, chosen by the Baptists for their college when they removed it from Stepney some years ago) the young men who are educated for the Baptist ministry, under the care of Dr. Joseph Angus as Principal, also, we believe, receive general literary instruction within the college. Finally, in *Manchester New College*, in Gordon Square (the college of the Unitarians), not only are there Professorships of Theology and Hebrew, but there is a Professorship of Philosophy, held by the Rev. J. Martineau.

VIII. THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE.—This excellent institution, situated in Great Ormond Street, dates its existence from 1854. It was founded by the

Rev. F. D. Maurice, with a view to put within the reach of working men, by means of evening classes, and for small fees, instruction in Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physical Science, History, Political Economy, &c., not attenuated in the *ad captandum* way, but as nearly as possible of the true academic quality. In this college, accordingly, as well as in the evening classes at King's and University Colleges, and at the evening lectures in the School of Mines, working men in London may now receive teaching that a while ago was beyond their limits. The Principal is Professor Maurice; the teachers hitherto have been mainly volunteers. Among them have been or are Mr. Ruskin, Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., Mr. J. M. Ludlow, and Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

IX. METROPOLITAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS, IN ADDITION TO THOSE OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AND KING'S COLLEGE.—The Medical Schools of University College Hospital and King's College Hospital are, in fact, constituent portions of the colleges to which these two hospitals are respectively attached; but there are in London *nine* distinct medical schools besides, each clustered in or round a great hospital which does not stand in connexion with any college for general education. These schools take their names from the hospitals they are clustered round: viz. *Bartholomew's Hospital* (West Smithfield); *Charing Cross Hospital*; *St. George's Hospital* (Hyde Park Corner); *Guy's Hospital* (St. Thomas's Street, Borough); *London Hospital* (Mile End); *St. Mary's Hospital* (Paddington); *The Middlesex Hospital* (Berners Street); *St. Thomas's Hospital* (Newington); and *Westminster Hospital* (Broad Sanctuary). Now each of these nine "Hospital Medical Schools," as they may be called to distinguish them from the two "College Medical Schools," has a medical teaching-staff, whose certificates answer as well in qualifying students for medical degrees in the University of London, or for passing the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, as if they had attended the corresponding classes in King's College

or University College. The teaching-staff of each school consists of a group of medical men of already attained eminence in the profession, or rising into eminence; most of whom also act as surgeons or physicians in the hospital. In some of the schools more subjects are taught than in the others; but the leading subjects of a surgical and medical education are included in all. Without mentioning the more technical of these, we may note, as more to our purpose, that each school provides for the teaching within itself of certain subjects of general science which need not necessarily be taught in a hospital. Thus *Bartholomew's* has Chemistry (Dr. Odling), General Anatomy and Physiology, Botany, and Comparative Anatomy; *Charing Cross* repeats Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy, and adds Natural Philosophy pure; *St. George's* repeats Chemistry, Botany, Anatomy and Physiology; *Guy's* has Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, Comparative Anatomy in conjunction with Zoology, and adds Experimental Philosophy; *London* has Chemistry over again (Dr. Letheby), Botany, Anatomy and Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy; *St. Mary's* has Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy conjoined with Zoology; *Middlesex* has Physiology and General Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany; *St. Thomas's* has Botany and Physiology, and General Anatomy again, but conjoins Chemistry with Natural Philosophy, and Comparative Anatomy with Natural History; and *Westminster*, having Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology and Anatomy, like the rest, reverts to the conjunction of Comparative Anatomy with Zoology, and to Natural Philosophy pure. Surely, apart from the higher question with which we are now engaged, one may suspect the necessity or advantage of this competition of so many hospitals for pupils in subjects of general science. For teaching purposes, why should not the hospitals be interconnected? Why should not one fee give a medical student in

London the run of as many of the hospitals as he chose, and the pick of their best teaching?

X. THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Nothing short of a surgical operation will get the distinction between "University College, London," and "the University of London" into the heads not only of Scotchmen, but of Oxford and Cambridge men, Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, newspaper editors, and the world in general. The two institutions are continually being confounded. They were confounded by speakers in Parliament in the recent debate on the subject of the representation of the University of London—some speakers evidently fancying the University they were going to enfranchise to be the domed building they had occasionally seen in Gower Street. Nay, money has been left nominally to "the University of London" which was clearly intended for "University College," and has been claimed and obtained by University College as undeniably hers. Many of the letters received by Professors of University College come addressed "Professor So-and-So, University of London;" and on the envelopes of such letters there is often the spiteful legend of the postman, "*Not known at the University of London*," showing that they had first been taken to the University rightly so called, and that the porter there had refused them, and could not or would not give any information as to the probable whereabouts of the obscure person sought after. "He don't belong here; that's all I know," we can fancy the functionary saying, and leaving the postman to his own ingenuity. And really he would have some excuse. The persistency with which people identify "University College, London," with "the University of London," has long been a plague and provocation to all concerned. Yet there is some excuse also for the error itself. "University College" was at one time "the London University," and only parted with that name in 1836, when what is now "the London University" was formed. Moreover, the existence



of the former institution was the chief cause of the creation of the latter, and not a few of the recent or present officials of the College have been or are in official connexion with the University. There is, however, a reason deeper still. The word "University" never had such a meaning before in England, Scotland, or Ireland, as that which people must get accustomed to in the case of "the University of London." In Scotland the terms "college" and "university" are practically, though not theoretically, synonymous. There is one teaching corporation in each of the four university towns; this body of Professors is accommodated (save at Aberdeen and St. Andrew's) in one college building; and it confers degrees. So, or nearly so, with the University of Dublin. In Oxford or Cambridge, again, where "university" is *not* synonymous with "college," there is still that kind of association between the two names which arises from the fact that the teaching functions are distributed between the university and the colleges, and that the university, or degree-granting body, is a growth out of the group of colleges, or a conjunct representation of them. Even in the case of the recently-instituted Queen's University in Ireland, there is still the notion of an organic connexion between the university, or degree-granting power, and certain colleges, or teaching bodies. But, to grasp the idea of the "University of London," one must let go one's hold of all these precedents or concomitants, and be ready for a new category.

The University of London—at present without even a building of its own, and quartered, so far as it needs quarters, in a wing of Burlington House, Piccadilly—is a Crown foundation, not for the purpose of teaching at all, but solely for the purpose of conducting examinations and conferring degrees. Awakened by the Gower Street experiment to the fact that England had no university except those of Oxford and Cambridge, and that consequently almost all Englishmen whose means were but moderate, and absolutely all who did not subscribe to

the Articles of the Church of England, were excluded from the encouragements to learning depending on a university degree, the Whig Government of 1836 issued a charter, empowering a body of eminent public persons therein named to begin a new state of things. These persons were not to teach, nor to appoint professors, nor to set up colleges. There were colleges and schools already in operation—University College, King's College, provincial colleges, &c. &c., some on Church of England principles, and some not. With these the Government did not mean to interfere; let them go on as they chose, with what funds they had or could get; Government did not mean to endow any of them. But out of these colleges and schools there were continually growing up young men, with whom, from their being Dissenters or from the state of their circumstances, membership of either of the ancient universities was out of the question, but who would be glad to have university degrees, and well deserved to have them. For the relief of all such, the University of London was founded. The eminent men nominated by the Crown were to appoint examiners under them, in Classics, the Arts and Sciences, Law, Medicine, and in short every subject of a liberal or professional education, excluding only Theology. This was to be the machinery. Then from the widest possible area let candidates periodically appear before these examiners, only bringing with them certificates to show that they had been receiving education at some school or college which the authorities of the new university had thought worthy of being put on its list of affiliated institutions. Let all come, dark or white, Jews or Christians, Churchmen or Nonconformists. Let the examinations be up to any convenient standard of strictness, but let there be no test of religious belief; and on those found worthy to have degrees—B.A., M.A., LL.B., LL.D., M.B., M.D., or whatever others might come into fashion—let the authorities of the new university ceremoniously confer such degrees.



Thus let there arise in the community, in the course of years, a body of London University graduates, and let it be seen, by the cast of these men, and their competency relatively to the graduates of other universities, what the experiment would come to!

Such, in spirit and substance, was the London University charter of 1836. The charter was renewed in 1837, on the accession of her present Majesty; additional powers were given in 1850; a wholly new charter was given in 1858; and the charter now in force, superseding all others, and settling the present constitution of the university, bears date Jan. 6, 1863. The reason for this succession of charters was that experience gradually suggested changes in the organization. One of the most natural of these was that, when a body of London University graduates had once been formed, it was found necessary to admit them to some share in the government of the university of which they were the offspring. Accordingly, the University now consists of a Chancellor, a Vice-chancellor, a Senate of thirty-six Fellows, and the body of graduates. The Chancellor, Vice-chancellor, and Fellows really rule, and make whatever fresh changes from time to time the charter has left to their discretion; but the Graduates in Convocation have a deliberative power on all matters concerning the University, and also a certain power in the nomination of new members for the Senate.

With all these changes, the University still remains essentially what it was—not a teaching body, nor a body growing out of or representing any group of teaching bodies; but, as we may say, an air-hung agency of Government origin, for examining young men from all parts of the British dominions, and conferring degrees upon them. The real core of this agency, in which the virtue resides, and whose action must make or mar the whole concern, is the body of examiners; and the highest functions of the Senate are the election of these examiners, and the discussion with them from time to time of the proper methods

and subjects of examination. At present there are forty examiners. They go in pairs, so that there are two examiners in each of twenty designated subjects. The examiners are appointed but for a limited term, so that there may always be a reinforcement among them of fresh men. The present body of the examiners includes men of the highest distinction, some of them graduates of the University itself, others bred at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Dublin, or one or other of the Scottish universities; and that all along the examinations must have been of very superior quality is proved by the value set everywhere on a London degree. The system of degrees has also been considerably extended and improved by the Senate of the University—degrees in Science, for example, having been added to those in Arts, Law, and Medicine. Nevertheless, and with all the importance that must attach to a body of men now so numerous, so widely spread, and of such reputation collectively as the London graduates—an importance justly recognised by their formation into a parliamentary constituency—there is a feeling among many (and I have it myself) that the present scheme of the University of London is in discord, if not with the ideal of a certain kind of University of which the British Empire might well have one specimen, at least with the ideal derived from our old habits, and that would serve best now for London itself. The institution is air-hung—air-hung, it is true, in or over London, but with its connexions no more with London than with all the ends of the empire. It is like Swift's island of Laputa—an island floating in the air; stationary in the main over one spot, and that the metropolis, but movable. Nay, this character of disconnectedness, which has always belonged to the institution, has been increased of late by changes in practice. For example, the calendar of the university still publishes a list of "Institutions in connexion with the University as to degrees in Arts and Laws," and also a list of "Institutions from which the University receives Certificates for

degrees in Medicine." The former list is headed by "The Universities of the United Kingdom," includes the Universities of Sydney and Toronto, and then some thirty or forty colleges and schools, comprising University College, King's College, and the other London colleges which we have named in this paper, together with schools and colleges in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, and other English and Irish towns. These used to be called the "affiliated institutions" of the University—a name not improper if it were allowed that paternity might be assumed on the one side where there might be no consciousness of sonship on the other. The affiliation, however, was considerably extensive for a university named *The University of London*; and it must have jarred on the ear of an Oxford man, a Cambridge man, or an Edinburgh man, to hear that his university stood *affiliated* to that of London. This, however, was but an affair of names. The meaning was that the University of London would recognise certificates of attendance at the classes of any of the institutions named, and would, in fact, not being a teaching body itself, admit to its membership, and its degrees, only persons who had been already *educated* by one or other of the said teaching bodies. Now, however, as respects the degrees of the University in Arts, Laws, and Science, all this is obsolete. In respect of these degrees, University College, London, for example—which was in part the cause of the University of London's creation, and which has supplied perhaps the largest proportion of its graduates—is no more "affiliated" to the University now, in any real sense, than any private apartment in a London house is, or, for that matter, the toll-man's sentry-box at the Swiss Cottage, or a bathing-machine at Brighton. And so with all the colleges and institutions on the list—except only the Universities of the United Kingdom. But this requires a little explanation.

The charter of 1863 still binds the authorities of London University to require from candidates for *the degrees in*

*Medicine and Surgery* certificates of a certain amount of instruction at one or other of the medical schools—metropolitan, provincial, Irish, Scottish, Colonial, or Indian—on the adopted list. The notion of the Crown, as of most people, evidently still is, that it would not do to qualify surgeons and doctors of medicine merely by examinations calculated to ascertain proficiency, without caring where or how the proficiency had been attained. Certified attendance at classes in some of the recognised schools of medicine and surgery is still a requisite. But for *the degrees in Arts, Laws, and Science*, no such qualification is needed. The charter, it is true, ordains that the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows of the University shall admit "as candidates for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws and Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Science," persons who shall produce satisfactory evidence that they "respectively have completed in any of the said institutions" [*i. e.* the institutions in the adopted list] "the course of instruction which the said Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows shall from time to time by regulations in that behalf determine." But then the charter goes on to ordain also "that persons *not* educated in any of the said institutions . . . shall be admitted as candidates for matriculation, and for any of the degrees hereby authorized to be conferred by the said University of London, other than degrees in Medicine or Surgery, on such conditions as the said Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows, by regulations in that behalf, shall from time to time determine, such regulations being subject," &c. Put the two clauses together, and their meaning is, that all persons, whether educated or not at any of the colleges or schools of the British dominions, might become candidates for any degrees, other than medical or surgical, in the University, and that it should be left very much to the Senate to determine what difference, if any, should be made in favour of those who

had been educated at any of the adopted institutions. Now, what have the University authorities done in the exercise of the discretion so left to them? As far as we can gather from the calendar of 1867, they have swept away all distinction between persons who have been educated at the recognised institutions and persons who have not been so educated, with these exceptions—(1) That persons who are already graduates in Arts in any of the Universities of the United Kingdom may skip the Matriculation Examination, and become candidates at once for the B.A. degree or the B.Sc. degree or the LL.B. degree in the University of London; (2) That persons who have already graduated B.A. in any one of the four Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham may, after an interval of a year from such graduation, become candidates for the M.A. degree, or for the D.Lit. degree in the University of London. With these exceptions, the University of London, so far as Arts, Laws, Science, and Literature are concerned, places the whole outside world on an equal footing. With these exceptions, the institutions on its own adopted list are nothing to it; it is all the same to it whether the man who presents himself at its doors has been punctually attending classes at any of the London colleges, or any of the provincial colleges, or has been acquiring knowledge by the private industry of his own teeth and nails. Its sole test of worthiness is its own examinations. A young man may matriculate in it, and pass on to degree after degree in it up to the highest, without having given or giving attendance at any college, school, or teaching institution at all, if only he can contrive to reach the fixed standard of merit in the successive trials. "And why not?" is the natural exclamation; the sympathies of all necessarily going at once with such an innovation upon academic old fogysm. Yes! but then, in the first place, why does the University continue to speak of certain colleges and schools as being "in connexion" with it, when these schools and colleges are no more in connexion with it than

all creation is, or at least every tenement in which a human being can live and study? And, in the second place, there is involved a question in the answer to which authorities are by no means agreed. Consistently with the interests of sound and thorough knowledge, how far may we safely abrogate the old method of requiring certified attendance during a definite period in recognised places of education (*i. e.* places of continuous teaching and examination combined), and accept the results of periodical examinations by a mere examining body as a substitute?

We have said enough to show that, whatever great purpose the present University of London may be fulfilling, it is not such an organization as we have conceived to be possible and desirable under the name of "University of London," and as people might have expected under that name. It is not an aggregation, consolidation, or representation of the higher teaching-bodies of London; nor is it that concentrically with a roving agency for granting degrees to the *abunni* of eminent teaching institutions out of London that had been left in the cold shade by the older universities. It is simply an examining and degree-granting agency for her Britannic Majesty's dominions at large, the circles of all the other universities included. So far from having an organic connexion with the London colleges and schools of science, it has loosened the incidental connexion it once had with them, and, though still in fact deriving its graduates most largely from them, all but ignores them in its regulations. Overhanging London, but letting its eyes range from Bath to Bombay, from Canada to Caithness, it announces itself more and more in the character of the only degree-granting corporation in the empire which does not teach, nor include teaching institutions within its pale, but confines itself to the act of examining. Indeed, it now advertises that candidates need not come to it, but that it will go to candidates. This year there have been, or are to be, examinations for matriculation and for the B.A. and B.Sc. degrees

in Manchester, Liverpool, and Carlow, conducted by sub-examiners simultaneously with the corresponding examinations in London; and applications for the institution of such local examinations are requested from other towns and cities. The papers of questions at these local examinations are the same, of course, as those in London, and the answers are sent to London to be examined. The University of London can thus act, as it were, through the post; and, as this development of its functions is on the increase, it will probably be the case ere long that there are graduates of the London University who have never been in London. No harm in this either. On the contrary, there is something rousing in the conception, as there always is when we see a new energy bursting old bottles. Only it brings out more forcibly the fact that the existence of the present University of London, notwithstanding its name, leaves the question of the consolidation or organization of the London colleges and schools of science, as such, precisely where it was.

In the preceding survey I have perhaps omitted things that ought to have been included, and included somewhat that might have been left out. I have gathered my information in the rough, and expressed it in the rough. Also—for I write at a distance from the means of verification by personal inquiry—I may have made some mis-statements. On the whole, however, I think I have made good the assertion with which I set out. Such a confused straggle-waggle and yet poverty of agencies for the higher instruction as my survey presents is unworthy of the metropolis of Great Britain. Government schools competing with proprietary colleges; two principal proprietary colleges within a mile of each other, most of whose classes, at their present numbers, might be united with advantage both to professors and students; other proprietary colleges administering here a pinch and there a pinch of something or other, nobody knows what, to their own few

inmates; brilliant courses of lectures here and brilliant courses of lectures there, but no systematized routine for all, and great spaces left unoccupied; a vast teaching power at hand in the form of a resident body of scholars and *savants* whose fame is in all Europe, but this power unused or frittered away in corners; the scholars and *savants* that do engage in teaching, for the sake of an income, obliged to morsel themselves out and increase the pittance they derive from one institution by pittances derived from others; no proper clubbing for the whole use of such men in competent stations, where they might instruct hundreds regularly with all the steam on; reckless repetition of such bits of machinery as there are, and yet deficiency of machinery; collections of natural history, antiquities, and works of art, the richest in the world, and admirably kept as show-places, but not sufficiently interpreted to the lieges, or turned to account as schools;—in short, to sum up all, a city of three millions, where thousands of youth might and should every year be receiving a university education, still destitute in the main of the very idea of such an education, from the want of a visible presentment of the means for it that should strike the eye like Gog and Magog! This is the state of affairs.

This state of affairs ought not to continue. There ought to be a consolidation and reorganization round one visible centre of all the existing colleges and schools of science in London that profess the higher education—a consolidation not necessarily of the buildings (for all the buildings will be required, and that they are scattered will be an advantage), but of the funds, arrangements, and management—together with whatever addition of means may be needed to provide that complete University, in the sense at once of an apparatus of teaching institutions and a gradation of fit appointments for its intellectual chiefs, which it is the wonder of other capitals that London should still be without. *That* is the problem. It is a part of that general question of the reform of our

entire system of national education which is now occupying so many minds; but a part which has received less attention than some others, and which is important enough for separate treatment. It is not for any one person in such a case to scheme out what may be required. I will but conclude this paper by setting down, still in the rough, one or two things that occur to me.

1. There must be State-action, and, if necessary, an application of more State-money. A while ago one would have thought twice before saying this, whatever one's private opinion might have been. But the *doctrinaire* notion that the Government of a country has no duties save those of a police for securing the free motions of the social atoms or the free actions of individuals among each other—this notion (after doing excellent service in clearing the country of restrictions and abuses, and in leading people to distinguish between the things that the State ought to count within its province and the things that it ought to let alone) is manifestly beginning to work itself out among us, and to evoke its own contradictions. Whiggism, though it always acted timidly on the principle, because it was an article of the creed of those who held the balance, never really made it an article of its own creed; and what may be now called Old Radicalism, or Manchester Radicalism, which did make the principle an article of its creed, and caused it to yield the best service it has yet done to the country—this Radicalism is now giving way to a new Radicalism, of which Mr. John Stuart Mill is the most conspicuous representative, and whose views in regard to the principle in question are perhaps best set forth in the closing chapter of Mr. Mill's *Political Economy*, entitled "Limits of the Province of Government." The immediate future of our politics will certainly be characterised by more of those *positive* exercises of State-action which the new theory, after insisting on large continued sway for the non-interference principle, pronounces to be

legitimate. Especially in the Education Question will this be the case. There are signs of it on all hands. Now among those forms of State-action in the matter of Education which, I believe, Mr. Mill and others who agree with him consider to be just and beneficial, the setting-up and endowing of universities for the higher education is included. A very striking paragraph to this effect might be quoted from that chapter of Mr. Mill's work to which I have just referred. In short, as I hold that the system of political opinion now coming into practical ascendancy among us would blame the Whigs for not having long ago moderately endowed two such metropolitan establishments for the higher education as University College and King's College, so I believe this system of opinion would go heartily in with a larger scheme for the consolidation and reorganization of all the London institutions for the higher education, those two included. Then as to the funds. In the first place there are large Government funds actually out among the institutions on our survey. The finger of Government already is in the pie. The absolute opponents of State-action except for police may be reminded of this fact, and of the duties it entails upon them if they will be consistent. They must break up the British Museum, and have its contents sold by auction. They must smash the South Kensington concern, and all that belongs to it. They must recall the 5,000*l.* a year now given to the present University of London, and convert it into a joint-stock society subsisting by its earnings. Failing any such movement, the question whether the present expenditure of public money may be improved by a consolidation of the institutions among which it is distributed, is clearly an open one. And, if larger funds are needed, and cannot be forthcoming from the ordinary exchequer, have we not the scheme of Professor Rogers of Oxford, broached at the late meeting of the British Association at Dundee? If it is by the confiscation of the vast unknown reve-



nues of the University and Colleges of Oxford that the funds are to be provided which shall cover England with proper primary schools—and Scotland too, as Professor Rogers assured, his Scottish friends, who remembered Bannockburn, and almost blushed at the offer—surely, on grounds of nearest harmony with the original destination of the funds, a portion of them might be preferentially applied in promoting University Education in London.

2. The preliminary inquiries and deliberations necessary, and the preparation of a suitable scheme, would be best intrusted to a Royal Commission. It might consist of such men as the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Grote, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Grant-Duff, Dr. Sharpey, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Seeley, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. The learned and scientific societies of London ought to be taken into the consultation.

3. One great difficulty would be with the constitution of the existing University of London. Two careers are before this great institution. It may continue to be an examining and degree-granting agency for the whole British dominions—a career of indefinite promise, for the contingencies of which *some* institution seems certainly to be required, and one of the contingencies of which is that the institution which adopts it may at some future period be called upon to absorb the Civil Service Commission. Or it may possibly yet be revoked into a University of London in the sense more natural and more according to precedent—in which case there would need to be a change of its constitution, so as to make it really an aggregation of the colleges and schools of science in London, and a conjunct organ of them, though perhaps with continued roving powers beyond their bounds. What makes this alternative just a possibility is that in the Convocation and Senate of the University there is a very large body of persons who are *alumni* of the London colleges, or professors in them, or concerned with their

government, and whose feelings therefore must be interested in the cause which we are now pleading. But the possibility is hardly a likelihood. The name of "The University of London" is perhaps pre-occupied for ever by the organization which at present bears it. But, if the name should prove to be irrevocable, the desired organization may exist well enough under any one of various other names that may be devised. For lack of a better it might be called "The London Academy of Arts and Sciences." Might not the British Museum be made the centre of such a great formation? The possession of the degree-granting power, belonging to universities, would seem, however, to be indispensable; and this would occasion another difficulty.

4. The classes of all the colleges or schools of such an Academy or University ought to be thrown open to women as well as to men. Whatever University can take the lead in this noble, and I believe inevitable, change in our national customs, will earn for itself everlasting credit. It may be easiest for London, starting afresh, as we have supposed, in the whole business of university education, to take this lead, and to give the general signal. Ladies' Colleges, Women's Colleges, and what not, are admirable experiments as things now are—the best that can be; but they are really only makeshifts. The women of this country ought to be educated, or to have the option of being educated, at the same institutions as the men, up to the very highest, with the same advantages, and the liberty of the same subjects, taught in the same gradation, by the same teachers, and in a manner as thorough, continuous, and systematic. Till this is done, our nation is unjust to half its members, and exists, spiritually, intellectually, and in every other respect, at but half its possible strength. The difficulties of detail that present themselves in the notion of the equal education of both sexes at our Universities are not worth a thought here. The more important of them might be left to carpenters and door-keepers.



## SOCIAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.

BY M. VON BOTHMER.

I do not think that any Englishman, however heathen his haunts or ungodly his habits, however heterodox his opinions or defective his theology, could pass six years of his life in his own country without once meeting a clergyman in society. We are on the whole, perhaps, rather overdone with theology in these controversial days; but we do not feel that we are on that account overdone with clergy, nor can we justly accuse our clerical friends of intruding too much of that kind of talk upon us, which is technically termed "shop." In spite of Colenso and the Pentateuch; in spite of the now nearly forgotten "Essays and Reviews," of "Ecce Homo," and scores of similar works, we cannot complain that (in society at least) the voice of priestly authority makes itself unduly heard, or that the accents of heterodoxy are unpleasantly loud and pertinacious in our ears. All young curates do not talk Ritualism; and even the most enthusiastic youthful divines of the ascetic school are amenable to croquet, and can make themselves equally useful at garden parties and at social country gatherings, out of Lent. The clerical element is no inconsiderable one in English society; and, as for English novelists, they would be at their wits' end without their country parsons, portly rectors, pompous deans, urbane bishops, and meek or enthusiastic curates. We all feel the grave yet benign influence of a black coat at our feasts; and I have heard young ladies declare that no party was perfect without an M.B. waistcoat. We like to see our clergy about cathedral towns; and we are scrupulous, when we gather our friends around us, not to forget to bid the clergy also, giving them a high seat at our board, and asking for their benediction on our

viands. The social influence of our clergy is great, but it is, at least, as agreeable as it is beneficial; and it is an influence to which we all the more readily submit, because it is neither arrogant nor clamorous, but is rather cheerfully sobering, and as far removed from impertinent interference as it is from meanness or servility.

I am afraid that many, nay that most, of my readers will be shocked at a statement which I shall presently make, but which, since I have undertaken to speak on the subject at all, it behoves me boldly to register for the truth's sake.

I was seven years in Germany without once meeting a Protestant clergyman in society. It sounds bad, I know; but it is still worse than it sounds—and that is surely saying a great deal! Such an assertion, or confession, as the one I have made, will fall on startled, possibly on incredulous ears; and yet it is to the letter true. Protestant clergymen in Germany are *nowhere*, and their social influence is absolutely *nil*. It may perhaps be thought that I frequented ungodly men, whose conversation was such as no *clericus* could well endure, and whose manners might not be sanctioned by the light of a reverend countenance; or it may be argued that I sat in the seat of the scornful, and refused obstinately to listen to the charmings of Wisdom and Piety. On the contrary, I often and loudly expressed a desire to meet some clergyman of the Lutheran persuasion, and openly regretted the absence of such from society. Neither must it be supposed that I did not go to church. I went thither industriously, patiently "sitting under" the pulpit-thumping and cushion-dusting pastors of various churches, and vainly hoping that, in time, I might acquire a

taste for such church-goings, and extract some spiritual consolation from the eloquence of those holy men. But it was not so. I found much to puzzle, and but little to comfort me in the dreary services and half-empty churches; and so, by slow degrees, my patience began to wane, my hopes waxed faint, and, finally, I abandoned the pursuit of piety altogether.

There is no doubt that religion exercises a great influence over women, and, by that eternal principle of compensation which cannot be ignored, women exercise a great influence on religion. Love, sympathy, tenderness, pity; charity, in its divine and universal sense: these are feelings to which women are more particularly subject, and whose influence on the female heart is immeasurable. Where, then, can they better find an opportunity of exercising the "divine rights" of Christianity than in the good works of religion? We know in England that there is scarcely a parish where ladies do not teach the young, nurse the sick, sit by the bedsides of the suffering, carry food to the starving, clothing to the naked, tend those stricken down by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and courageously and calmly close the eyes of the plague-smitten dead. The Crimean war laid the foundation of great and heroic self-devotion, and voluntary self-sacrifice, and enduring courage amongst the ladies of our land. But, long before the Crimean war, the high and gently born had shaken off the sloth of former days, and in many a village-school, and in many a crowded, pestilential alley, fair girls and gentlewomen were to be seen going to and fro, teaching, persuading, alleviating, encouraging. Such things have ceased to be remarked upon; they have become matters of course amongst us. But let it not be forgotten that, if high and delicate souls were thus ready to do, in Christ's name, any work, howsoever revolting, for His sake, the clergy were also there, speaking nervous words in the hour of weakness, strong words in the hour of temptation, words of

faith in the dark hours of weariness, when the sensitive and overstrung natures were fain to break down and weep that the flesh should prove so miserably weak, when the spirit was so willing. Wherever we go, our clergy are, and their presence is a boon, and cheers us on to further exertion. This is surely practical piety. It is no mystic asceticism; it is no ecstatic delusion; it is not born of dogmatism, nor is it controlled by any priestly authority. It is a free-will offering of pure, loving hearts; and the girls you see teaching in a village school to-day you will perhaps find dancing on the lawn to-morrow, or at an archery party on the next day, in the prettiest of modern costumes, and with the most bewitching hats and boots that fashion and skilled labour can produce or beauty wear. There is nothing morbid or unhealthy in the religion of these enthusiastic young souls. There is nothing gloomy or ascetic in it. Their hearts prompt them to some grateful response for all the mercies that have been vouchsafed to them, and the expression of it lies in their seeking to succour those whose lot is less happy, and whose lives are perhaps less holy, than their own.

I wish to confine myself purely and simply to the *social* aspects of German Protestantism, and to avoid anything like theology or dogma. But so much at least I may be allowed to say—that the Protestantism of Germany is not such as the grand heart of the great, rough-spoken, genial, enthusiastic Luther planned; that it is not such as the mild Melancthon dreamed; still less, if possible, does it bear a resemblance to the stern simplicity which Calvin would fain have exacted from all those who followed him. No one would think, in looking at the Lutheran Church of Germany to-day, that it had ever had so jubilant and defiant a defender as Luther. One wonders how an institution which is called by his name can have retained so little of the spirit of its founder; and one marvels that his enthusiasm, his zeal, his fervour, his daring, his resolution, and his invincible perseverance,

should have passed away so completely, leaving no mark behind them.

The terms Protestant and Protestantism have come to be little thought of amongst us. In truth, they savour all too much of a clamorous baldness, of itself barren and unfruitful. And yet it is better than the still narrower sectarian names usually applied to Protestantism in Germany—Lutheranism and Calvinism. As if before Luther, and before Calvin, God's sun had not shone upon the earth; and as though there were but two ways to heaven—one holding on by the skirts of Luther's clothing, the other following in the train of Calvin's hard exclusiveness. To protest at any rate implies that something, not unimportant, has gone before; and thus I prefer using the general term of Protestantism to particularizing the two denominations by the names of their respective heads. Luther himself earnestly deprecated the idea of his name being so used. "Above all things," he says, "I beseech you to leave my name out of the question. What is Luther? Call yourselves Christians, not Lutherans. This doctrine is not mine, neither have I been crucified for any. St. Paul and St. Peter desired that their followers might call themselves Christians, not Paulinians or Peterists. Let us extirpate, dear friends, these sectarian names. I am not, and will not be, master of any man. I profess, in common with the whole Church, nothing but the catholic doctrine of Christ only, who is the sole Master of us all."

Alas for Luther! Of a *Church* one can scarcely speak in reference to Protestant Germany.

The Church of England, with all her divisions, impresses the popular heart, and holds the popular mind with a firm and tenacious, yet motherly and loving grasp. Her sons do not rudely shake her off, nor do her daughters seek to disobey her. But the so-called Protestant Church of Germany has no such hold on her children; they are apostate and backsliding ones—nay, they scarcely can be called sons and daughters of the Church at all.

Go to the churches of Protestant Germany, and what will you see? A sprinkling of female worshippers, and one man to every forty women. Every forty? Perhaps, though it is Sunday, there will not be above thrice that number in church. Then do your little sum, and see how sad the result will be. Even the three men who are there look infinitely bored and wearied. There is no poetry, no passion, no grace, no attraction in a Lutheran service. It is cold and utterly formless. It is bare with an almost indecent bareness, and it seems as though the gifts of nature and art were thought to be too good to be used for its adornment; or rather, perhaps, that no hearts can be found loving enough to take delight in beautifying the holy places, or to rejoice in the task of making God's temple "all glorious within." The shabby paper flowers on the altar are faded and dirty. The altar-cloth is ragged and threadbare; the crucifix is chipped and neglected. No fine linen or delicate laces grace the sacred mysteries of chalice and paten; no knee is bent in worship; no sound of universal prayer and thanksgiving is heard; some hymns are sung, and a sermon is preached, and the dreary function is over.

Here and there a better state of things may be found, but only here and there. There are a thousand and one plausible excuses to be found for not going to church. It is too cold, or the services begin too early, or the organ is out of tune. But the truth lies very near and is very simple. A man whom you but seldom see, and whom you never meet in private social intercourse, cannot have much influence over you. In domestic troubles, in the hour of bereavement and affliction, in the hour of remorse and doubt, you will not turn to such an one. To do so you must feel some personal sympathy with him, some sort of "oneness." You must have confidence in his affection and wisdom; you must respect his judgment, and, above all things, you must not be shocked by his manners. To see a man in the rostrum once a week, his ordinary dress

covered with a Geneva gown, and a frill round his neck, is not sufficient to inspire you with confidence, or to encourage you in feelings of attachment and respect. Once a week! What do I say? Once a month would be nearer the mark, if we take into account the long winter, when no one goes to church if he can help it. Now a clergyman is not admitted into society in Germany; or at least not into the society of which I write. The peasants go to church, but the poorer classes in the towns look on the "black coats" with prejudice and aversion, seldom darkening the church doors, and resenting anything like advice, as though it were interference, in angry and contemptuous terms. They have sayings and songs in abundance to the discredit of the clergy, and do not scruple to use the strongest language in speaking of their spiritual pastors. Within the magic circle of noble blood the Protestant clergyman is never admitted; or, if admitted, on terms that clearly define his position and set a seal upon his inferiority. The middle class still remains,—the class from which he himself springs, and in which he therefore naturally feels himself most at home. But even here there is nothing apostolic in his influence. He is the same as the lawyer next door, or the linendraper over the way. His priestly office endows him with no special dignity, nor is he treated with any additional respect. They call him "Herr Pastor," and he takes his hand at whist, his pipe and his beer with the rest, and is as secular in his talk as they. In this way he acquires no polish, nor is it possible that he should do so. The *classe bourgeoise* in Germany and our "middle-class" are thousands of miles apart. They have the advantage of us in education; their intelligence is greater, their acquirements more varied, their knowledge more accurate and more extensive perhaps than ours. But their manners! Shade of William of Wykeham forbend that I should attempt to describe their manners!

Thus much, however, I do not hesitate to say—that, if the middle class of

Germany is a hundred years in advance of ours so far as abstract or positive knowledge is concerned, it is at least five hundred years behind us in all the refinements and graceful amenities of life. Pipes and beer, dressing-gowns and slippers and spittoons, vanished from amongst us long ago; and with their exodus the reign of scrupulous cleanliness, of tubs and long washing-bills, began. It is not to be supposed that a poor German pastor whose name is Schmidt or Meyer (the difference of caste is sufficiently indicated by the absence of the magic "Von"), whose boots are never blacked, whose cloth is rusty, and whose coat is out of date, whose linen is not over fine (and, if the truth be told, not always over clean),—it is not to be supposed, I say, that such a man as this can feel himself very much at his ease amongst bland barons and contemptuous countesses, or make his voice heard with clerical authority amongst graceful, fashionable, well-bred folks, who are scandalized at his boots, and are blushing for his linen. He has none of that calm and dignified assurance that a recognised position gives. He does not feel himself to be a gentleman amongst gentlemen, as good as they by birth and education, and better than they in so far that his life is better and purer, and his calling a higher one than theirs. He cannot worthily represent the Church of which he is the avowed and accredited servant, because, even in Germany, the days are gone by when uncouthness and slovenliness were tolerated amongst the upper classes. His position is not that of the poor, hard-working, peace-bringing English clergyman, who finds compensation for his poverty and many privations in the honour paid to the religion whose servant he is; for whom a seat is vacant and a welcome just as ready at the castle as it is in the cottage; whose wife is a lady, though a lady in linsey instead of in satin; whose daughters are a match for any man, and whose sons feel no painful sense of inferiority when they find themselves with the Squire Bob Acres, or are invited to dine at the hall

with young Porphyrogenitus and his friends.

As has already been said, a German Protestant clergyman is *nowhere*, his opinion is as nothing, his influence absolutely *nil*. He is, in sober truth, of very little account. Nobody minds much what he says on things in general; and, were he to speak of those things more particularly of which it would well become him to speak out of the pulpit as well as in it, he would not even be tolerated. Let him take his hand at whist; let him have his afternoon game at bowls or skittles, and smoke his quiet pipe whilst he thus amuses himself, and his fellow-citizens will not be averse to his society. Pipes and skittles are becoming diversions, and beer and tobacco promoters of good fellowship; only do not let him show that he is (or ought to be) different from them, or all amity will be at an end. His life differs but little from theirs; chiefly perhaps in that their day of rest is his day of labour. His wife does her duty as a Hausfrau, not troubling herself about theology, parish schools, refuges, homes or hospitals; his daughters knit his stockings and make his shirts, and cook and wash and iron and sew, in a way that leaves little time over for "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." With his family he talks of his pigs and geese; with his neighbours of the gas and taxes; of religion no mention is made, nor, I fear, is "the enthusiasm of humanity" very strong upon him. He drones on inoffensively, but no burning charity, no ardent love, no fervent zeal, no divine spark glows in his breast, or awakens his dull soul to enthusiasm; he preaches his Sunday discourse, and thinks, "good easy man," that therein his whole duty is accomplished.

But the clergy alone do not make the Church; there is the laity. To me, the longer I looked, the more it seemed that the Protestantism of Germany was but a sorry pretence at religion; that it was but dry bones, and dust and ashes. What with the feebleness and shortcomings of the clergy, and the coldness and contempt of the laity, the spectacle is a sad one for outsiders to contemplate. Amongst my fair friends

was a lady supposed to be very "*pious*;"<sup>1</sup> that is, she went to church regularly every Sunday, when it was not too late or too cold, and did not hail, or rain, or blow, or snow. "Dear Madam," said I to her one day, "how is it I never meet Dr. Donner at your house?" (Dr. Donner was her favourite preacher; he was also a clever man, and had written a learned book about the minarets of the Mosque of Omar.)

"Why," said she, "he is certainly a most estimable man, highly educated, and all that sort of thing, but you know he is not exactly—not quite—of course I don't mean to say a word against him, but the prejudices of society must be respected." This was a most impotent apology, and I resolved forthwith not to accept it. "But, my most gracious lady," said I, addressing her according to prescribed formula, "you expect that man to take your soul to heaven, and yet you think his presence will contaminate your body, and you refuse to breathe the same air with him outside the church." Upon this she looked aghast, but, being a gentlewoman, courteously forbore to notice my boorishness. She paused a moment before replying, and then said quietly: "I know what you mean—but—it is impossible; people would be offended if I asked him to meet them, and Dr. Donner himself would not feel comfortable out of his own sphere."

"But, dear Madam, when and where, may I ask, is a clergyman 'out of his own sphere?' The Apostles were but fishermen, and St. Paul, the tent-maker, was in nowise embarrassed when he made that famous defence before the 'most noble' Festus." "But that is two thousand years ago," said the lady, and added, blushing slightly, "Dr. Donner's mother keeps

<sup>1</sup> The use, or misuse, of this very word "*pious*" is significant. It is a term of contempt applied to those whose lives are not so utterly careless as the lives of their neighbours. To say a lady was "*pious*" would not be to say anything very distinctive in a country where piety is no exception amongst them. But to stigmatize a sister-woman as "*pictisch*" in Germany, savours of a contempt that true piety surely never deserved, and which only an angry sense of inferiority in Christian fervour and charity could inspire.

the pastrycook's shop opposite the theatre, and his wife is a saddler's daughter." There was something in this, certainly; and, if I could ever have dared to whistle in that gentle presence, I should surely have done so then. The lady saw her advantage, and continued, "Of course, pride, and all that sort of thing, is very wrong; but then, you see, our clergymen are so terribly *bourgeois* that we can't possibly see them (as you do yours in England) with the rest of our friends." "And do they not feel offended at being asked alone?" "Oh dear, no!—but, to tell the truth, it is not the custom to ask them at all. They go out amongst people of their own class—lawyers, and shopkeepers, and people of that kind—but they don't expect us to invite them."

Truly, a religion whose ministers are thus spoken of, and of whom so little account is made, runs a fair chance of sinking into utter oblivion and of being clean forgotten for ever and ever, like a dead man out of mind.

"Beautiful women," says Heine, "beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume. They resemble cold, sober tulips, which look upon us from their china vases as though they were also of porcelain; and, if they could speak, they would explain to us how naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

His taste revolted at a defect at which his piety, since it did not exist, could take no exception. I often thought of Heine's words when I was in Germany; and to me it seemed that, the more beautiful the women, the greater their resemblance to the poet's porcelain tulips.

Men often go to church because women take them there. A man's religion is often but the reflected glow of a beloved wife's devotion, or of a revered mother's holiness, though by degrees it may become his own. I need not say that amongst men in Germany infidelity is the rule, belief the exception. Women have in all ages been the

nursing mothers of religion: from the days when Mary eagerly drank in divine truths at the feet of her Lord, from the time when the three stood weeping round the Cross, from the days of virgin martyrs to the poetic Middle Ages, from the Middle Ages down to our own times, they have never forgotten their faith or been false to their love. But in Protestant Germany it would almost seem as though the women were too much "cumbered about much serving" to have time for the beautiful charities and loving-kindnesses of Christianity. The picture drawn by a great German authority of the present condition of the Protestant Church in that country is a gloomy and painful one indeed. He says that "it is eaten to the core by unbelief, and sapped in its very foundations by infidelity."

Germany does not want for theologians. Of these she has enough, just as she has eminent philosophers and geologists and naturalists, historians, and mathematicians and chemists. But talking of religion will not make a people religious, nor will discussing dogmas sow devotion and faith in unbelieving hearts. German theologians, for all their congresses, seem unable to awaken anything like true religious feelings in the hearts of the people.

It may be asked, why this should be the case? The answer is not altogether easy; but it lies partly in this, that the clergy are neither respected nor esteemed, as clergy, by those above or by those below them. The cure of souls is, alas! with them, a sinecure.

Germans of the upper class will tell you that they cannot associate with their clergy on terms of equality, because their clergy have no claim to be regarded as equals; because their manners are often offensive, and generally unpolished; because there are discrepancies and deficiencies in their address and general way of conducting themselves which are offensive to the prejudices of the more refined. No one who has resided long in Protestant Germany can ignore the general disregard in which the clergy are held. And yet the very persons who are most eager to take exception at



little incongruities of word and deed, such as those to which I have alluded, are the most clamorous in condemning the spiritual pride which could prefer gospel truths at the hands of the courteous and refined rather than at those of the uncouth and tactless. They say, "If you are a Christian, you should not be so hypercritical about little things: your baker's son can preach evangelical doctrines as pure as an Archbishop. For ourselves, we do not profess these things, and therefore it is allowable for us to object to vulgarity and irrationality."

Thus they would fain skilfully extricate themselves from the horns of the dilemma, and take refuge in finding fault, without any sincere desire to remedy the evil. It may be wrong to allow temporal things to outweigh spiritual; but that the things of this world do tell in the balance—ay, and heavily too—cannot be denied. Were the social status of the German pastor a different one, his spiritual influence, his priestly authority, would also be different. Even in the old disreputable port-drinking, belle-toasting, fox-hunting days, our clergy were, according to their lights and after their kind, gentlemen—gentlemen of an eccentric pattern perhaps, and of a not altogether reverend cut; but, according to the fashion then in vogue, still gentlemen. They were not despised by the exclusive or sneered at by the inferior, on that score at least. Then came the days of the Wesleys and Whitfield, and the aurora of better times dawned; a more fitting order of things prevailed; and it has continued to prevail, even up to these days of muscular Christianity. But propose to a young German nobleman (the younger son of a younger son, though he bears his title, according to the unfortunate custom there obtaining), propose, I say, to such a young "Von" that he shall become a clergyman: he will either laugh in your face with scorn and derision, or he will bluster forth huge words, and want to fight a duel with you for insulting him!

A few words more, and I have done.

The Protestant Church of Germany has no *Ritus*. Their so-called Symbolical Books and our Prayer-book have nothing in common; neither has their *Gesangbuch* (which is nothing more nor less than a collection of hymns) any resemblance to a liturgy. There is no positive rule of proceeding in the Church services. One pastor has them performed in this way, another in that; but year by year they have grown colder and more bald, year by year fewer worshippers are seen, and, notwithstanding all the scolding of the preacher, the churches remain empty.

The late King of Prussia was aware of the want of religious fervour and enthusiasm in good works, which rendered the Protestant Church in Germany a dead letter. He sought to give more form, more pomp, more beauty to its services; he created bishops and encouraged the nobility to don the cassock. But the time was not ripe. The seed fell in stony places; the episcopal attempt was not renewed; it met with immense ridicule; the King was laughed at for a pietist and an Anglomaniac; anecdotes were told to prove that religion, in so worldly-minded a prince, was but a sorry pretence concealing an attempt at more extended political power, and the movement, if movement it could be called, died a natural death.

The Germans have a Reformation, but —no Church.

I said at the beginning of this paper that I wished to confine myself exclusively to the social aspects of German Protestantism. With dogmas and articles of faith I have nothing whatever to do. Let men believe what they will; only let them be in earnest in that belief. It may be that out of the dust and ashes of German Protestantism a new faith shall arise, more beautiful, more tender, more enthusiastic and noble and daring and enduring, than the old. It can scarcely be that the Great Elector and the Great Reformer shall have fought so bravely with such single-heartedness, with such simple faith in a great and good cause, to be betrayed by a laggard crew at last!

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

*(From the Fourth Georgic, 452—528.)*

Aristeus, all whose bees have perished by disease and hunger, inquires of Proteus the cause of this disaster and the remedy. Proteus replies :

Nor without wrath of heaven has thee this pest overtaken.  
Great as thy plague thy crime : for thee these righteous revenges  
Orpheus, meriting ill that grievous doom that befell him,  
Stirs (if no fates avert), for his lost wife angrily mourning.  
She, while she fled from thee in headlong haste and unwary,  
Near to her death, that snake of folds enormous beheld not,  
Coiled in the brake at her feet, and keeping the banks of the river.  
But then the choir of her equals, the wood-nymphs, with shrill lamentation  
Filled the high mountain tops ; nor wanted voices of weeping  
All o'er that rugged land, by Mars beloved ; and the rivers  
Mourned, and with high Pangeum Athenian Orithyia.

He with his hollow shell his sick soul loving to solace,  
Thee on the lonely sea-shore, his sweetest partner, sang ever,  
Thee when the day was breaking, and thee when the day had departed.  
Yea, and the jaws of hell, the high portals of Pluto's dominion,  
And that forest that glooms with a night of darkness and terror,  
Entering, he came to the ghosts, he came to the monarch, the dreadful,  
Came to the hearts that know not to melt at man's supplication.  
But, disturbed by his song, from the lowest recesses of Hades  
Flitted the shadows thin, weak forms of the dwellers in darkness ;  
These than the birds not fewer, the thousands that hide in the branches,  
Evening them from the mountains or storms of winter compelling ;  
Matrons, and men of old, and bodies of glorious heroes,  
Left by the breath of life, and boys, and maidens unmarried,  
And on the funeral pile youths stretched in the sight of their parents ;  
Whom the black slime all round, and the reed deform of Cocytus,  
Whom with its sullen tide that marsh unlovely confined there  
Keeps, and the river of hate with a ninefold girdle coerces.  
Yea, and astonished then Death's halls and secret pavilions  
Stood, and the Furies three, their locks with pale vipers enwoven ;  
While with his triple jaws stood Cerberus yawning, and hurt not ;  
And, by the storm undriven, stayed moveless the wheel of Ixion.

And now, retracing his path, he had every danger surmounted,  
And his beloved and restored to the upper air was approaching,  
Pacing behind—for such was the law Proserpina gave them—  
When, too heedless a lover, him madness seized of a sudden,  
Such as might well find grace, if grace dwelt ever in Hades.  
His Eurydice he on the verge and confines of daylight,  
Too, too fond and forgetful ! must pause and look back at ; with that look  
Wasted was all his toil, and the laws of the pitiless tyrant  
Broken ; the Stygian pools three times with a clamour resounded.  
“Orpheus,” she cried, “who thee and me has ruined, the wretched ?  
Whence this madness immense ? Lo ! the cruel destinies call me  
Back, and my swimming eyes with a weight of slumber are sealing.

And now adieu ; I am borne by a night of darkness surrounded,  
 Stretching to thee,—ah, thine no longer,—the hands that are helpless.”  
 Thus exclaimed she, and straight, like smoke that mingles in thin air,  
 Out of his sight she vanished, another way fleeing ; nor ever  
 Him idly grasping at shadows, and many things yearning to utter,  
 Saw she again at all ; nor him hell's ferryman henceforth  
 Suffered to pass that lake which each from the other divided.  
 What should he do, or whither, of wife twice widowed, betake him ?  
 Move with what voice, what weeping, the powers of hell or of heaven ?  
 Cold in the Stygian bark she already was passing the river :  
 Him they report for seven whole months in order unbroken,  
 Under a lofty rock, by Strymon's desolate waters,  
 This among icy caves to have wept, and weeping recounted ;  
 Soothing the tigers with song, and with song compelling the forest ;  
 As when, mourning beneath some poplar shade, Philomela  
 Wails for her ravished young, whom the heartless ploughman observing  
 Has from the nest withdrawn, an unfledged brood ; but the mother  
 Grieves on a bough all night, her pitiful descant repeating,  
 Descant forlorn, that fills wide spaces with sad lamentation.  
 Love he scorned, and him no maiden might win unto marriage ;  
 Wand'ring alone he gazed on the ice-bound plains of the far North,  
 Tanais, snow-fed stream, and fields where frosts are eternal,  
 Mourning his ravished bride and gifts of Dis unavailing ;  
 Until the Thracian dames, his long devotion resenting,  
 Under the shadow of night, 'mid rites and orgies of Bacchus,  
 Tearing in sunder the youth, his limbs over wide fields scattered.  
 Nor did not then, when the head from the snow-white shoulders divided,  
 Borne in the middle stream by swift Eagrian Hebrus  
 Seaward was rolling, his voice and tongue in death that were failing,  
 Utter the name to the last with flitting breath of the loved one ;  
 Echoed the banks with that name, with that name all the river resounded.

RICHARD C. DUBLIN.

## THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SUBLIME

(FROM HEGEL'S *ÆSTHETIC*.)

BY J. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

[The following specimen of the *matter* of Hegel refers to subjects usually found interesting and easy, but a preliminary word may still prove useful. Hegel's general object is best named, perhaps, when we say that he sought thought everywhere, with the resolution of demonstrating that this thought did not exist, only unconnectedly here and there, as mere pleasing or surprising signs of intelligence, but that it constituted a system—a vast, organic, complete system—but still a system that referred itself to the unity of a single living pulse. With this general aim, he naturally found himself under an obligation to construe not only the present but the past. History became to him a very important portion of his problem, and he was compelled to philosophize it from various points of view. Of these religion was the most important. If the *illumination* sneeringly objected to the *Jéhovah* of Scripture certain discrepancies, it was easy for Hegel, and without sneering, to retort, “And your *être suprême*, then, what relation does He bear to all these monstrous and barbarous idolatries which we find in history ?” To such a question there can be no reply on the part of the *illumination* unless, from its atheistic section, this, That all is a matter of unintelligible chance. Hegel, however, naturally turned from such

an answer, and said, "These superstitions and idolatries cannot possibly be mere meaningless accidents in time; they must belong to a whole of which they are necessary parts." In this way he was led to present religion as a single subject gradually developing itself from Fetichism upwards, till the time was ripe and Revelation vouchsafed. "The progress of art Hegel views as having been similarly conditioned—as having always constituted, indeed, but an accessory of religion. While man was yet absorbed in, and identified with, nature through the mere necessities of hunger, &c., art there could be none. Art could only begin when, in stepping back from nature, and looking at it on its own account as different from himself, man first felt wonder. Thenceforward the attempt would be to understand this different thing,—that is, to reduce its difference into his own identity. But such attempt is necessarily accompanied by the desire to express. Passing over Fetichism, &c., symbolism appears as the earliest realization of this desire both in history and reason. But symbolism will have a history of its own, and its course, too, will be from nature to spirit. At first, the two elements of the symbol—the externality or object, and the internality or meaning—are identical; then comes separation, with uncertainty and struggle, with inclination now to this side and now to that; and lastly, the externality will manifest itself as only negative, when compared with the freedom and affirmativeness of the meaning or internality. Historically, we have the first stage among the ancient Parsees, to whom light was at once the absolute and the symbol of the absolute, and for whom, consequently, art was as yet not. The second stage, again, we find in the monstrous *phantasticism* of India. Egypt, lastly, is the land of the symbolical as such, the land where all is enigmatic, where the pyramid is a monstrous crystal that entombs a marvellous meaning, where death and the invisible world become objects of absorbing interest; where, then, we have the direct transition to the liberation of internality, meaning,—spirit.

The Symbolical, then, as a whole, leads to the Sublime: Hegel's treatment of which, the Translator hopes, will prove intelligible, despite the various difficulties, whether original or imported. All turns in it on the double relation of the Infinite and the finite. When the Infinite, God, is conceived as affirmatively present in and throughout the finite, then we have the brilliance, the splendour, the universal joy of Oriental pantheism. When, again, the Infinite, God, is conceived as exalted into Himself beyond the finite, which is now a mere negative or accessory, then we have the true sublime, as in the poetry of the Hebrews. Creation as opposed to generation, the prohibition of graven images, the absence of the idea of the immortality, and yet presence of the distinction that leads to the religion of conscience—in such points some fine touches will be found. The notes are the Translator's.]

THE unenigmatic manifestation of spirit, which is the aim of symbolical art, can only be attained when there is a consciousness of the *import*, the meaning itself, apart from the *external form* that would symbolize it. For on the direct visible unity of both it was, that, among the Parsees (to whom physical light not only symbolized, but was, the Absolute), the *want* of art depended; while, again, it was the *contradiction* at once of a separation and of a required unity of both that gave rise to the phantastic art of India; and, lastly, even in Egypt, the cognizableness of the free inner meaning, in independence of the manifesting form, failed, and thus furnished foundation for the obscurity and mystery of the symbolical proper.

The first veritable purification, the first express separation of the absolute from the sensuously present objects, that is, from the empirical individualness of the outward, is to be sought in the *Sublime*; which elevates the absolute above every immediate existence, and

thereby brings about that firstly *abstract* liberation which is at least the *basis* of spirit. For the import, so elevated, is not yet conceived as concrete spirit; but it is regarded, nevertheless, as the self-sufficing inner that exists within itself, and that only by reason of its abstractness is incapable of finding its true expression in finite forms.<sup>1</sup>

Kant has discriminated the Sublime and Beautiful in a very interesting manner, and what he accomplishes in this connexion, in the first part of the "Kritik of Judgment," from section 20 onwards, retains—with all its prolixity, and despite his main principle that reduces all to a subjective element, as the influence of the mind, imagination, reason, &c.—its interest to this day. The reduction alluded to must, in

<sup>1</sup> The *abstractness* spoken of here refers to this, that the ancient Egyptians saw that all things perished, that thus what was alone permanent (or absolute) was, as it were, abstract negativity (*perishing*) itself, but not that this negativity was the concrete immortal soul or spirit.

general principle, be held as correct, in so far as it is said by Kant, after his own fashion truly, that the sublime is not contained in anything of nature, but only in our mind, in that we are conscious to ourselves of being superior to nature within us, and so, consequently, to nature without us. In this sense, Kant thinks "the sublime proper" cannot be contained in any sensuous form, but concerns only ideas of reason, which ideas, though incapable of any adequate manifestation, "are, by this very inadequacy (which may be sensuously manifested), excited and called into the mind." (*Kritik d. Urtheilskr.* 3te Aufl. p. 77.) The sublime in general is the endeavour to express the infinite without being able to find in the world of phenomena an object which may prove suitable for this expression. The infinite, just because it is excluded from the entire complex of objects, and, as invisible formless import, is only inward and self-subsistent, remains inexpressible in its infinitude, and exalted (*erhaben*, sublime) beyond any expression through finitude.<sup>1</sup>

The first matter which the import gains now is this, that, as opposed to the totality of the phenomenal, it is within itself the substantial one, which as itself only pure thought, is only for pure thought. For this reason this substance (substantial one) ceases to be capable of having its manifestation in anything external, and so far there disappears the symbolical character proper. But if this inward oneness, now, is to be presented to imagination, that is only possible by this, that as substance it be conceived as also the creative power of all things, in which it will have then its

<sup>1</sup> To Kant we must always assign the merit of having discovered, and even of having signalized at full, all the various elements of a comprehensive and true theory of the sublime and beautiful. Hegel, as usual, has here made objective what to Kant was subjective. The words *absolute* and *infinite* must be understood as applying to that, whatever it is, that abides and remains in the flux of the phenomenal. Such principle of *absolute* production and *infinite* preservation must be assumed whether we speak with the materialist of the *natura rerum*, or with the spiritualist of God.

revelation and manifestation; acquiring thus, consequently, a positive relation to these things. At the same time, however, its character is equally this, that it is now raised above the particular phenomena, as such, and above their totality, whereby, in consequent process, the positive reference transforms itself into the negative relation,—to be purged from the phenomenal as what is particular, and so inadequate to substance, and disappearing in it.

This representing outward form, which is again cancelled by that which it represents, so that the very representation of the implied meaning shows itself as a sublation of the representation, is the *Sublime*; which we shall not place, therefore, in the mere subjectivity of the mind and its ideas of reason, like Kant, but shall conceive founded in the one absolute substance as the inner meaning that is to be exhibited.

The division now of art in reference to the sublime follows from this double relation of substance to the phenomenal world.

What is common as well to the negative as to the positive side of this relation lies in this, that the implied substantial unity is raised beyond the particular phenomenon by which at the same time it is to be supposed exhibited, although it can only be expressed as in reference to phenomena, since, as substance and essentiality, it is formless, and inaccessible to perception whether imaginative or sensuous.

The first, affirmative, mode of conception here we may represent by *pantheistic* art as we find it first in India, then in the later mysticism of the Mahometan poets of Persia, and lastly, but with intenser inwardness of thought and feeling, in the Christian West.

On this stage, substance—that is, the one divine absolute principle that is implied in the phenomenal outward—is viewed as immanent in all its created accidents, which are thus not yet subordinated into mere ornaments and attendants for the glorifying of the absolute, but, through the indwelling substance itself, maintain themselves

affirmatively, although in every particular there is to be seen only the divine, the One; and so the very poet who in all and each adores this One, and has merged himself as well as things in this idea, is enabled to retain a positive relation to this substance in which he connects all things.

The second, negative, glorifying of the might and majesty of the *one* God, we find in Hebrew poetry as the sublime proper. Here the positive immanence of the absolute in the created forms is sublated; the *one* substance appears on one side by itself as lord of the world, opposed to which, or in relation to which, all created things are manifestly impotent within themselves, and evanescent. If now the might and wisdom of the One is to be made manifest by the finitude of natural things and of human destiny, it is no Indian distortion into the deformity of the measureless and monstrous that has any longer place. On the contrary, the majesty of God is now realized to the mind in this way, that all that exists, with all its splendour, with all its nobleness, and with all its state, shows but as subservient accident and transient appearance in comparison with the substantiality and stability of God.

#### a. THE PANTHEISM OF ART.

The word *pantheism* is exposed nowadays to the grossest mistakes. For, on one side, *all* signifies, in our modern sense, each and everything in its quite empirical individualness: this box, for instance, with all its special peculiarities of colour, size, shape, weight, &c. or that house, book, animal, table, chair, fireplace, strip of cloud, &c. When, in this sense of the word, then, divers theologians assert of philosophy, that it makes all and everything God, the accusation is absolutely false. Any such conception of pantheism can only arise in crazed brains; and is to be found neither in any philosophy nor in any religion, not even in that of the Iroquois or of the Esquimaux. The *all* in what has been named pantheism is not, therefore, this or that

particular thing, but rather *all* in the sense of the *All*, that is, of the *One Substantial Being*, that is indeed immanent in things, but with abstraction from their empirical particularity and reality; so that not particular things as such, but the universal soul, or, in more popular phrase, what is true and excellent in them, is accentuated and understood.

This constitutes the special signification of pantheism, and in this signification alone we have here to speak of it. It belongs pre-eminently to the East, which conceived the thought of an absolute unity of divinity, and of all things as in this unity. As One and All, now, divinity can only come into our consciousness through the *disappearing* of the enumerated particular things in which it is expressed as *present*. On one side here, therefore, divinity is conceived as immanent in the most diverse objects, and, more particularly indeed, as the most excellent and eminent existence in and among the various existences; on the other side, again, the One being this thing, and another thing, and again another thing, and manifesting itself in everything, the particular things demonstrate themselves as sublated and evanescent; for not each is this One, but the One is these entire particularities, which, for consciousness, disappear into this totality. For if the One is life, it is also again death, and not life only; so that, therefore, life, sun, sea, do not as life, sun, sea, constitute the One. But in this pantheism, at the same time, the accidental is not, as in the sublime proper, expressly characterised as negative and subservient; but, on the contrary, the substance, the One itself, becomes—as it is in every individual, this One—virtually converted into what is individual and accidental. Contrariwise, the individual again,—as it equally changes, and as the phantasy limits not substance to any specific object, but takes up each and lets it fall again to advance to another,—becomes on its side the accidentality, beyond which the one substance is



lifted up and away, and thereby exalted (as into the sublime).

Such mode of conception is capable of artistic expression only through poetry, not through the plastic arts, which bring to view, only in its persistent outward actuality, the particular and individual that, as opposed to the one substance present in similar existences, is to be conceived to disappear. Where pantheism is pure, there occurs no plastic art for its exhibition.

1. As first example of such pantheistic poetry, we may again mention that of India, which, as well as *phantasticism*, has brilliantly developed this side also.

For Supreme Divinity the Indians have, as we saw, the abstractest universality and unity, which breaks up also indeed into the particular gods,—Trimurtis, Indra, &c.; which inferior gods are not held fast, however, but are, in their turn, resolved into the superior, as these into Brahma. In this it is shown that this universal (Brahma) constitutes the one permanent self-identical basis of all things; and if the Indians certainly exhibit in their poetry the twofold endeavour to exaggerate particular existences till in their sensuous shape they may appear adequate to the universal import, or, conversely, to let all determinateness quite negatively disappear into the *one* abstraction; still on the other side we find even amongst them that purer pantheistic expression which, in the sensuously present but vanishing particular, exalts the immanence of the one divinity. We might be inclined to find in this mode of conception rather a similarity with that immediate unity of pure thought and sensuous thing which we found among the Parsees; in their case, however, the *one* is itself a specific natural entity, light; whereas with the Indians, Brahma, the one, is but the formless one that, only as transformed into the infinite multiplicity of mundane phenomena, gives rise to the pantheistic mode of thought. Thus in the Bhagavat-Gita (Lecture VII.), it is said of Krishna:—“Earth, water and wind, air and fire, “mind, understanding, and self-con-

sciousness, are the eight elements of “my essential force; yet know that I “have another and superior principle, “which animates nature and supports “the world: in it have all beings their “birth; so know, too, that I am the “creation and the destruction of this “whole universe; there is not anything “greater than I; and all things hang on “me, even as pearls upon a string; I “am savour in the water, splendour in “the sun and moon, the mystic word “in the sacred books, humanity in man, “sweet odour in the earth, brightness “in the flame; in all things I am life, “and I am contemplation in the penitent. I am vitality in the living, I “am the wisdom of the wise, the glory “of the glorious. Whatever natures “are true, bright, and gloomy are from “me; I am not in them, but they in “me. By the delusion of these three “qualities the world is mocked, and “mistakes me who am unchangeable; “the divine delusion, however, the “Maya, is my delusion and hard to “escape, but those who follow me “escape it.” Here, then, such substantial unity receives the most striking expression, as well with reference to the immanence in, as to the transcendence of, the sensuously and individually present objects.

Similarly Krishna says of himself, (Lect. X), that he is in all the various diverse existences ever the most excellent:—“Among the stars I am the “radiant sun, the moon amid the constellations; I am the book of hymns “in the sacred books, in the senses the “inner sense, Meru among the summits “of the mountains, among beasts the “lion; among letters I am the vowel A, “among the seasons, spring,” &c.

This enumeration of perfections, however, as well as the mere flux of forms, in which we are to recognise always one and the same thing, whatever wealth of fancy may appear displayed in it, remains exceedingly monotonous, and on the whole wearisome and inane.

2. This Oriental pantheism reached a higher and subjectively freer form under Mahometanism, especially that of the

Persians. Here there appears a peculiar relation, and mainly on the part of the poet.

a. The poet, namely, in longing to perceive the divine in everything, and in actually so perceiving it, surrenders to it also his own self, but apprehends even so the immanence of the divine in his own enlarged and emancipated inner; and so there arises in him that glad feeling, that free happiness, that luxurious blessedness, that is peculiar to the native of the East who has merged himself utterly in the eternal and absolute, with renunciation of every special particularity, and who knows and feels in all things the form and presence of the divine. Such an imbuing of oneself with the divine, such blissful, ecstatic life in God, borders on mysticism. In this reference we must praise above all Ielaleddin-Rumi, of whom we have the finest examples from Rückert, whose surprising power over expression enables him to play, like the Persians themselves, in the most artistic and freest fashion, with words and rhymes. The love to God,—with whom man in the most boundless devotion identifies himself, beholding Him now, the One, in every sphere, referring and reducing to Him everything and all things,—constitutes the central point which expands itself on all sides and into all regions in the widest manner.

b. If now, further, in the sublime proper, as it will speedily show itself, the most perfect objects and the richest shapes are merely an ornament of God, and serve to announce the state and grandeur of the One, being placed before us only to glorify Him, the Lord of all creatures; in pantheism, on the other hand, the immanence in them of the divine elevates natural and human existence themselves into a special and more independent splendour. The living presence of spirit in the things of nature and in the affairs of man animates and spiritualizes *them*, and gives rise to a peculiar relation between the soul of the poet and the objects he sings. Filled with this spiritual glory, the mind is calm, independent, free, great, and high,

and, in this affirmative identity with its own self, it imagines itself and lives itself into the souls of things in like calm unity, and coalesces with the objects of nature and with its beauty, with the loved one, with the goblet, in general, with all that is worthy of love and praise, in the happiest, blissfullest inwardness. The Occidental romantic feeling of mind displays indeed a like living into oneself, but is, on the whole, especially in the North, unhappy, unfree, and full of longing; or it remains more subjectively shut in to its own self, and becomes thus self-seeking and sentimental. Such a dull depressed mood of mind is expressed especially in the national songs of barbarous people. The free happy soul is, on the other hand, peculiar to the Oriental nations, especially to the Mahometan Persians, who, open and joyous, give up their entire self as to God, so also to all that is worth prizing, and yet retain in this abandonment of self precisely the free substantiality which also characterises them in relation to the world around. It is thus we see in the glow of passion the most expansive bliss and parrhesie of feeling, through which, with all the inexhaustible wealth of splendid and brilliant imagery, there is heard always the accent of joy, beauty, and happiness. When the Oriental suffers and is unhappy, he takes this as the unalterable decree of fate, and remains secure in himself, without depression, sentimentality, or morose gloom. In Hafiz's poetry we find woe and lamentation enough about the loved one, the wine, &c.; but still he remains equally composed in sorrow as in joy. So it is he says once:—

"Grateful that the presence now  
Of friends illumines,  
Let burn the taper too in grief,  
And be consoled."

The taper teaches both to laugh and cry; brightly it laughs in the flame, though it melts at the same time into hot tears; its very destruction spreads the cheering light. This, too, is the universal character of this entire poetry.

The Persians, to mention a few more special forms, occupy themselves much with flowers and gems, especially with the rose and the nightingale. It is particularly customary with them to represent the nightingale as bridegroom of the rose. This personification of the rose's love of the nightingale occurs frequently in Hafiz. "In thankfulness, O Rose, that thou art sultana of beauty," he says, "deign not to be proud towards the love of the nightingale." He speaks even of the nightingale of his own soul. When we, however, speak in our poems of roses, nightingales, wine, it is in a quite other and more prosaic sense; the rose serves us for ornament ("crowned with roses," &c.), or we listen to the nightingale and sympathise, drink the wine and name it care-destroyer. But to the Persians the rose is no mere image or ornament, no symbol; it really appears to the poet as possessed of soul, as a loving bride, and his spirit is lost in the soul of the rose.

The latest Persian poems display even yet the same character of a brilliant pantheism. Herr von Hammer informs us of a poem that, with other presents of the Shah, was sent in 1819 to the Emperor Francis. It contains in 33,000 verses the deeds of the Shah, who rewarded the court-poet with his own name.

c. Goethe, too, has been captivated by this large care-free gaiety, in his riper years, and in contrast to the more troubled spirit of his early poems and their concentrated feeling: now an old man, penetrated by the breath of the Orient, he has turned himself, in poetic warmth of blood, full of immeasurable happiness, to this freedom of feeling, which even in its polemic loses not the finest unconcernedness. The songs of his *West-östlicher Divan* are neither merely playful nor insignificant social prettinesses, but spring from such a free, self-surrendering emotion. For such poems there were required a soul enlarged to the greatest breadth, self-centred in all storms, a depth and a youthfulness of feeling, and "a world of life-experience."

3. Pantheistic unity, now, accentuated in reference to the subject, that feels himself in this unity with God, and God as this presence in his subjective consciousness, yields *mysticism*, as in this more subjective form it has reached its development within the pale of Christianity. As example, I shall mention only Angelus Silesius, who, possessing the greatest boldness and depth of fancy and feeling, has expressed the substantial being of God in things, and the union of self with God and of God with human subjectivity, with a marvellously mystic power of description. The specially Oriental pantheism, again, brings rather into relief only the intuition of the one substance in all phenomena, and the devotion of the subject, who thereby attains the highest expansion of consciousness, as well as, through entire emancipation from the finite, the bliss of self-surrender to all that is best and most glorious.

#### b. THE SUBLIME IN ART.

But now the one substance, which is taken as the special import of the entire universe, is only then veritably explicit as *substance*, when, from its presence and actuality in the flux of nature, it has come back into itself as pure inwardness and substantial might, and so has acquired self-dependency as opposed to the finite. Only through this perception of God's essence as absolutely spiritual and formless, in contrast to the mundane and natural, can the spiritual wrest itself completely free from sense and nature, and tear itself loose from its existence in the finite. Conversely, nevertheless, the absolute substance remains *in relation* to the phenomenal world, from which it is reflected into itself. This relation acquires now the above-mentioned *negative* side, that the entire worldly sphere, namely—notwithstanding the abundance, power, and majesty of its forms—is now in reference to the one substance expressly determined as what is only negative in itself, what is *made* by God, subjected to His might, and ministrant to Him. The

world so, then, is certainly regarded as a revelation of God, and He Himself is the goodness—as concerns this created thing which in itself has no right to be or to refer itself to itself as on its own account—to let it go nevertheless its own way, and to give it place; the stability and consistence of the finite, however, is substanceless, and, opposed to God, the creature is impotent and evanescent; so that with the goodness of God there is at the same time manifested His righteousness, which makes actually appear, in this creature that is virtually negative, its own powerlessness, and thereby His substance as the sole might. This relation, when it is made dominant by art as the ground-relation both in matter and form, supplies the art-form of the sublime proper. Beauty of the ideal and sublimity must be clearly distinguished from each other. For in the ideal of beauty the inner penetrates and pervades the outer reality, of which it is the inner, in such wise, that both sides appear as adequate to each other, and even on this account as penetrating and pervading each other. In the sublime, again, the outer existence, in which substance is brought before the mind, is, as opposed to this substance, subordinated and set down; this very subordination and ancillariness being the only mode through which, by means of art, there can be realized the one God, who in Himself is formless, and expressible as to positive essence by nothing that is mundane and finite. The sublime presupposes the meaning, the import, the substance, in such self-dependency, that, as opposed to it, the outer body must appear as only in subjection, so far as the inner meaning is not present in it, but so transcends, surpasses, and goes beyond it, that just nothing but this transcending and surpassing enters into the representation.

In the symbol proper the form was the main point. It was such that it had an import or meaning, but yet was not in a position fully to express it. To the symbol again, as we may suppose it in the case of the sublime, and to all the unmeaning material it may bring

with it, there stands opposed now the *import* as such, in its clear intelligibility, and the work of art becomes now the *fusion* of the pure substantial being as import of all things. This substantial being, further, must be understood to explicate and exhibit the inadequacy of form and import (which existed in the symbol only *potentially*) as the import of God Himself, who, in the mundane, is transcendent over all mundane, and so rises to sublimity in the work of art here that has nothing to express but this absolutely manifest import. If we may call, then, the symbolical in general the sacred art, so far as it selects the divine for its object, it is the sublime which must be named the sacred art as such and exclusively, for it is to God alone it gives the honour.

The aim here is, on the whole, more limited than in the symbol proper, which, being but *striving* to the spiritual, exhibits a vast variety of transformations of the spiritual into forms of nature, and of the natural into assonances to spirit.

This form of the sublime we find in its primitive character, especially in the Jewish phantasy and its sacred poetry. For plastic art cannot appear here where there is no possibility of projecting any competent image of God, but only the poetry of pictorial conception which utters itself in words.

The more particular consideration of this stadium brings forward the following general points of view:—

1. This poetry has, for its most general matter, God as Lord of the subservient world; not as incarnated in the external, but as withdrawn from mundane things into solitary unity within Himself. What, in the symbolical proper, was yet bound together, divides here, consequently, into the two sides of God's abstract selfness, and the world's concrete existence.

a. God Himself, as this pure selfness of the one substance, is without form within Himself, and, taken in this abstraction, is insusceptible of any closer realization to the imagination. What,

then, the phantasy can grasp here, is not the divine nature in its pure essence: God Himself forbids that He be exhibited by art in any adequate form. The only thing tangible that remains is the relation of God to the world He has created.

b. God is the Creator of the universe. This is the purest expression of sublimity itself. For the first time now all conceptions of *generation* and mere natural origin of things out of God disappear, and give place to the thought of *creation* through spiritual power and agency. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." This is adduced even by Longinus as an eminently striking example of the sublime. The Lord, the one substance, proceeds indeed to utterance of Himself; but the mode of utterance is the purest: it is the bodiless, etherial utterance, the word, the utterance of thought as the ideal power, with whose command to exist, existence, in dumb obedience, immediately rose.

c. God passes not into the created world, however, as if into His reality, but remains withdrawn into Himself, without giving rise through this *over-against* to any fixed dualism. For what is produced is His *work*, that, opposed to Him, is without self-substantiality, and is there only as proof of His wisdom, goodness, and righteousness. The One is Lord over all, and has in the things of nature not properly His presence, but only powerless accidents that can allow the Essence itself only to shine in them, but not appear. This constitutes the sublime on the part of God.

2. But now, on the one hand, the one God being in this manner separated from the concrete world of things and placed independent by Himself, while the externally existent, on the other hand, is determined and subordinated as the finite, the new position arises as well to natural as to human existence that it can be a representation of the divine only by its *finitude* being made prominent.

a. For the first time now, then, nature and the human shape lie before

us *de-deified* and prosaic. The Greeks relate that, as the heroes of the Argonautic expedition sailed through the Straits of the Hellespont, the rocks, which had hitherto opened and shut, and clashed together like shears, suddenly stood fast for ever, rooted in the ground. A like solidification of the finite in its intelligible definiteness, as opposed to the Infinite Essence, we find in the sacred poetry of the sublime, while in the symbolical, on the contrary, nothing preserves its right place, but the finite turns into the divine, which again abandons itself for the finite. Let us leave, for example, the old Indian poems for the Old Testament, and we find ourselves at once on quite another soil, which, however strange and different from our own its conditions, events, actions, and characters may be, still readily allows us to become at home in it. From a world of tumult and confusion we come into relations and find figures before us which appear quite natural, and whose fixed patriarchal characters in their definiteness and truth stand familiarly beside us as perfectly intelligible.

b. For this mode of view, which can apprehend the natural course of things and give validity to the laws of nature, miracles receive now also, for the first time, their place. In the Indian way, everything is a miracle, and so nothing is any longer miraculous. Where, in fact, the intelligible connexion of things is perpetually interrupted, where all is torn and contorted from its place, there is no room for miracles. For the miraculous presupposes an intelligible sequence as well as the usual clear consciousness which only calls miracle an interruption at the *fiat* of supernatural power of this customary connexion. Any specially specific expression of sublimity such miracles are, however, not; for the usual course of nature, equally with its interruption, follows only from the will of God and the submission of nature.

c. The special sublime, on the contrary, we must seek in this, that the entire created universe becomes mani-

festated as finite, limited, not self-maintaining and supporting, and can for this reason be regarded only as glorifying accessory for the praise of God.

3. In this acknowledgment of the nullity of things and in the exalting and extolling of God, it is that on this stadium the human individual seeks his own honour, his trust, and his satisfaction.

a. In this reference the Psalms supply us with classical examples of genuine sublimity, established as a model for all time; in which what man has before him in his religious conception of God is magnificently expressed with the mightiest uplifting of the soul. Nothing in the world durst pretend to independency, for all is and subsists only through the power of God, and for no other purpose than to minister to the glory of this power, as well as to declare its own substanceless nullity. As, therefore, we found in the phantasy of substantiality and its pantheism an infinite *expansion*, so we have to admire here the power of the *exaltation* of the soul which lets all go in order to announce the sole might of God. Especially, in this respect, is the 104th Psalm of majestic power: "Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain," &c. Light, heaven, clouds, the wings of the wind, are here nothing in and for themselves; they are only an outer garment, a chariot, a messenger for the service of God. Further then the wisdom of God is extolled, which has set all things in order; the springs which rise in the valleys, the waters which run among the hills, by which the birds of heaven sit and sing among the branches; the grass, the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, the cedars of Lebanon which the Lord hath planted; the sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, and that leviathan whom the Lord hath made to play therein. And what God has created, that He also preserves, but, "hidest Thou Thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust." The 90th

Psalm, a prayer of Moses the man of God, more expressly declares the nothingness of man, as for example: "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sheep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled."

b. There is thus connected with the sublime on the part of man the feeling at the same time of his own finitude and insurmountable separation from God.

a. The idea of the *immortality*, therefore, does not originally come forward in this sphere, for that idea involves the presupposition that the individual self, the soul, the human spirit, is an absolute existence. In the sublime, only the One is regarded as imperishable, and all else as coming and going, but not as free and infinite within itself.

β. So man regards himself here as in his *worthlessness* before God; his rising up takes place in the fear of the Lord, in the trembling before His wrath; and we find depicted in a penetrating and moving manner the grief over his own nothingness, and in lamentation, and suffering, and sorrow, out of the depths of the breast, hear the crying of the soul to God.

γ. Should, on the other hand, the individual in his finitude maintain himself against God, then this wilful and intentional finitude is the *Bad*, that as evil and sin attaches only to nature and humanity, but in the One undivided substance can just as little have any place as pain and the negative in general.

c. Thirdly, nevertheless, man acquires within this nothingness a freer and more independent position. For, on the one hand, there arises for man from the substantial repose and stability of God, in reference to His will and the prescripts of His will, the *Law*; and on the other hand there lies at the same time in the exaltation that is present the complete clear *distinction* of the human from the divine, of the finite from the absolute, so that the judg-



ment concerning good and bad, and the decision for the one or the other, is transferred into the subject himself. The relation to the absolute, and the adequacy or inadequacy of man to this absolute, has, therefore, a side as well which falls to the province of the individual and his own action and conduct. Thereby, at the same time, this individual, in his right-doing and

obedience to the laws, finds an *affirmative* relation to God, and has in general to bring the external positive or negative condition of his existence,—well-being, enjoyment, satisfaction, or pain, unhappiness, oppression,—into connexion with his inner obedience or with his refractoriness to the law, and to accept the one or the other as benefit and reward, or as trial and punishment.

### EVENINGS AT HOME.

SHUTTERS are barred; the wintry wind without  
Blusters and howls; hear'st thou the trees about  
Creak, and the sighing branches, and the panes  
Dashed with the rattling rains!  
The cosier we two, darling, by this fire—  
The green-clothed table midmost, spread with books;  
The household settled all to thy desire,  
And we ourselves to interchange of looks:  
Thou, crimson-bodied, in thy cushioned chair,  
Thy fingers toying with some feminine work;  
I on the sofa opposite thee, where,  
Slipped at ease, and loose-gowned like a Turk,  
I bask in presence of my golden girl,  
Yet stint not to upwhirl—  
So tolerant her care—  
The short white puffs of smoke that snake the ruddy air.  
How, seated so, my darling, we do chat  
Of this and that—  
Our doings through the day, and what  
We have seen, and whom; plans of the instant week;  
Whether our purse  
Grows healthier or worse;  
This outlay, should we make or grudge it;—  
Topics on which to hear *thee* speak  
Is better than any Budget!  
Whence still we sweep  
A wider deep—  
All news of nations and of distant seas;  
How the great world goes round,  
And who alive are noblest found  
In every walk of men and all degrees.  
Nor living only! All the ages past,  
The plains that shroud the innumerable dead,  
Yield us high objects—shapes of acts that last,  
And portraitures of many a laurelled head:  
Poets of glorious song,  
Kings that have greatly wrought,

Great popular wrestlers against tyrannous wrong,  
 And others, few, who have but greatly thought  
 How spirits should be moved ;—  
 Yet ever, to our seeming,  
 These blended groups among,  
 The white arms wildly gleaming,  
 And the red hearts hotly scheming,  
 Of unnamed women who have greatly loved.  
 In heaven or earth  
 Is nothing not appropriate to our hearth.

Ah ! in such colloquies how I came to know  
 The mind that mine had wedded, and to grow  
 Ever more amorous of *it*, the more  
 I knew its supple richness ! As, of yore,  
 Some gymnast, wrestling with a splendid Spartan girl,  
 The closer she did come and dare his press,  
 Must more and more have felt a giddiness  
 Flow from her touches, and such sensuous whirl  
 That either he must yield to her, and fall,  
 Assailed all round with hisses,  
 Or bear her bodily up, his lissome thrall,  
 And laugh, and run with her, and leap a wall,  
 And punish her with kisses :  
 So with us two—her mind, in its dear sex,  
 The utmost match of mine and innermost reflex.  
 I move, and she moves check : I thunder ; lo !  
 A flash back from her battery : if I say  
 Some sly thing meant for wit,  
 She catches it in air, and will remit  
 The message twirled in such a dexterous way  
 That *I* am hit.  
 But chief, through all, the ever-fresh surprise  
 That one so stoutly frank should be so subtly wise.  
 She is, I swear, the most downright  
 Of living little Saxons—out of sight  
 An honester than I—quilted most thick  
 Against all sophistry, or whine, or trick ;  
 Yet what superb agility  
 In every thoughtful gesture ! What facility  
 In apprehensions the most intricate !  
 What readiness, on any beckoning from me,  
 Either to speculate  
 Questions of deep debate,  
 Or to luxuriate  
 In any field of floweriest phantasy !  
 No boldest phrase,  
 Brave girl, could thee amaze.  
 Dared I my utmost, and would try to wing  
 The Emyrean round the world we know,  
 Then, through that blaze of radiance voyaging,  
 And in the billowings of its boundless glow  
 Almost forgetting thee, the dear last thing  
 Left i' the dark orb human—turning, I desierd  
 Thee, thee, my undaunted, winging to my side.

Or if, in converse mood,  
 Abstractions were my temporary good,  
 And, like some starved wretch in a night-dreared wood,  
 I groped mid verbiage for some root of real,  
 Even there thou would'st find me soon,  
 And, like the silvering moon,  
 Shed o'er the doleful search a tint ideal,  
 Imparting it such mystic zest  
 As if the pale-berried mistletoe were my quest.  
 So wondering, dearest, all thy wealth of mind,  
 With what ambitious fancies I could please  
 Day-dreamy hours, of some large lot assigned  
 To our conjunction yet by Heaven's decrees!  
 Ah! in such dreams as these  
 I can but clasp thy knees:  
 Fit for Aspasia thou, could I be Pericles!

# EATING AND DRINKING IN AMERICA:—A STROLL AMONG THE SALOONS OF NEW YORK.

BY STEPHEN BUCKLAND.

I WAS staying for the time at the St. Denis, one of the best of those known as family hotels in New York, but at which, unfortunately, there was no *table d'hôte*, and but an indifferently-served coffee-room. The resources of the establishment were confined, as regards the cuisine, to supplying the wants of the families residing permanently in the house. They were served in their own rooms at a high rate of charges. An unpretending single man who required simply a bedroom was obliged to accept such accommodation in the coffee-room as could be afforded without interfering with the more important requirements of the *nobler* guests above. I had resolved therefore, for the future, to seek my meals abroad, and thus acquire information at the same time that I escaped the eternal recurrence of badly-cooked chops and steaks every day for dinner. Accordingly, I rose one morning a little earlier than usual, and, after dressing, rang for my boots. They were brought by an Irish-American citizen, who tossed them unceremoniously on the floor, and was

leaving the room, when I remarked, very mildly, "Why they are not half cleaned;" and indeed they were not. The man looked quite aghast at my presumption, and in the height of his independence and equality with every one, replied, "Now, you see if I clane them again while you stop here;" in return for which I delivered the boot in my hand with much precision so close to his ear that he was glad to beat a retreat. I then repaired to my friend G.'s bedroom. He was to accompany me in my search for breakfast, dinner, &c., and to lead the way by reason of his great experience in saloon life.

"Come, G.," said I, "are you ready?"

"All ready except my boots," replied G., pulling out from under his bed a somewhat dirty pair of highlows.

"Ha!" said I, "they serve you worse even than they do me."

"Oh no!" said G., "I don't let them clean my boots at all."

"Why, you don't mean to go down town in dirty boots, I hope," I observed.

"No, Siree," replied G., producing

from his trunk a little flat tin box and a pair of brushes. I knew he was a bit of a dandy, and I thought on seeing these articles that he was carrying his exclusiveness to an extreme point by requiring the hotel porter to use a special set of brushes and blacking for his boots only ; but I was soon undeceived, for my friend G., taking a brush in each hand and scientifically moistening the blacking, in a short time produced a very workman-like polish on his boots, which put to shame the dulness of my own, and beat the Irish porter all to nothing. I then learned that nine-tenths of the gentlemen staying at the hotel, and indeed in many other places also, invariably performed this operation for themselves as a matter of course—boot-cleaning being regarded as an "extra" in the charges.

We now descended to the street and proceeded in the first place in search of breakfast. I was anxious to see and partake of the far-famed buckwheat cake, and G. had promised to conduct me to a saloon in which they were served to perfection ; "For," he informed me, "there is no hotel or eating saloon in New York where you can get them properly made, except at this one rather mean-looking house."

I have unfortunately forgotten the name of the street in which this house was situated, or I would certainly give the information for the benefit of future English visitors in that city who may desire to taste the genuine article. I can, however, tell how it is made, and I consider the few lines now immediately following, worth at least a plateful of cakes per line.

The American buckwheat cake is a speciality, and it surpasses everything of the kind that has ever been invented. Buckwheat in the grain is a dark, uninviting-looking article, and is much cheaper than ordinary wheat. The flour is mixed with a small quantity of rye-flour, and a little yeast is stirred in. The consistency is that of the material for ordinary pancakes. It is mixed overnight, and in the morning is ready for making up. When the visitor (myself

in the present instance) calls for cakes, a few minutes are necessary for cooking them. The batter is fried in a pan specially constructed for the purpose, and I soon receive a plate containing three steaming hot cakes, each about the size of the crown of my hat. Indeed they might have been cooked in a hat, like the juggler's omelette, so perfectly circular are they in shape. On the table before me there is butter and a pitcher of golden syrup ; or, as the Yankees pronounce it, "surrup." The true artistic process is to butter each cake first, and then pour the surrup over each and all. I then cut through the pile, and . . . My instructions are finished. I say no more ; only just try it.

Having disposed of one plateful, I was effectually prevented from pushing my investigations any further by experiment, for that meal at any rate. I had consequently an opportunity of looking about and observing any other varieties in the list of breakfast items. I noticed that very few of the visitors called for meat. Cakes of one sort or another are the staple at *this* house. For instance, there are wheat-cakes made and served in exactly the same manner as the buckwheat. There are also rice-cakes, which are simply made with boiled rice beaten to a paste, with a little flour and water, and cooked in the same way as the others. The charge for a plate of either kind is six cents, or threepence. Coffee is charged the same. There is no demand made for the supply of butter or syrup ; they are thrown in gratis. Thus a moderate man may obtain a first-rate breakfast for sixpence sterling.

I heard several persons order toast, and was surprised to observe that they received it in a form which was quite novel to me. It was served in a soup-plate, floating in hot milk, the surface of which was spotted with the butter originally spread on the toast. They call this milk toast. Many persons enjoy this immensely, but it is to my mind simply a good thing spoiled ; and I do not claim any credit for making it known. It seemed strange to see men fortifying themselves for the labours of

the day by "spooning" up this soft, pulpy-looking substance, fit in appearance only for infants. But what struck me as still more wonderful was to hear a great loose-jointed, powerful Yankee, who seated himself at the next table, call for a basin of bread and milk; and I found, on inquiry, and afterwards by observation, that this is a common practice. The people are very fond of it; that is to say, the Yankees, as distinguished from the Southerners and the Western Americans. I pondered on this fact at the time, endeavouring to settle in my mind what particular feature in the American character might be traced to this custom. I have always looked on the Americans as a people with very little "softness" about them. However, by means of carefully investigating the question, I came to the conclusion that they affect the milk on the *lucus a non* principle.

With the New Yorkers there is an obvious reason on the opposite construction. This reason is the origin of the milk itself. The food of the cow in New York dairies is the "swill" or waste liquor from the distilleries. It is a cheap and productive stimulant to the manufacture of milk. Every drop of milk in and round about this city has one common origin; viz. the whisky still. The connexion between this fact and the taste for milk-sop is obvious. There is another peculiarity in connexion with this subject which is worthy of notice. Owing to the cause just named, and for other reasons, there is great difficulty in procuring good milk in New York, and a practice exists of selling condensed milk. In any quantity of milk more than ninety per cent. is water. This is evaporated, and the residuum is incorporated with pounded sugar, forming a paste which much resembles Devonshire cream. A small teaspoonful is sufficient for a cup of tea or coffee. The manufacturers sell this compound principally in sealed cans, but they also deliver small quantities every morning and evening to such families as order it regularly. It is carried round in innumerable little

tin pails and cans, and the man who delivers it looks as if he were carrying miniature milk cans for use in dolls' houses. The people who consume this extract somehow persuade themselves that they really get pure milk, free, moreover, from any undue watering—but since the original fluid was the unwholesome and even poisonous "swill" milk, this product is nothing better than condensed abomination. The New York milk has been lately described,<sup>1</sup> and those who have had an acquaintance with the subject will agree that the peck of dirt which every person must eat during his life is not lightened by being partly swallowed in liquid form.

To return to the breakfast saloon. G. was a Southerner by birth, and consequently in his earlier years had been "raised" on bacon and Indian corn cake. He was still partial to the latter, but informed me there was but one place in New York where it could be had to perfection. This did not happen to be the saloon which we were then favouring with our presence—but I may mention that I afterwards visited this "oasis," and tested the truth of his statement that "corncake, traditionally supposed to have been Adam's food in the garden of Eden, is a delicacy fit for the gods." This ambrosial delicacy is made of the flour of Indian corn baked in large planes like gingerbread, and cut up into small blocks about two inches square. The consistency is rather spongy, and it reminds me both in point of flavour and colour of the famous Dublin saffron buns. I thought it extremely unpalatable; in fact I could scarcely swallow the first and only mouthful I ever tasted, and G. compassionately remarked that the taste for it was an acquired one.

I remember nothing else particularly noticeable in the breakfast saloon, except that every man made a point of drinking a large tumbler of iced water before leaving. I may observe, however, that there is one great recom-

<sup>1</sup> *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1867. Art. "American Dairies."

commendation about these places which I should like to see prevailing in England. There is no fee for the waiter. This freedom from a troublesome tax is so suited to our feelings, that on my first visit to a refreshment room in London after returning from America, I was innocently fearful of offending the benevolent-featured waiter by the offer of a gratuity, and, of course, earned his thorough contempt.

Lest, however, I should, whilst abroad, be entirely deprived of the pleasing impression of paying a slight pecuniary tax after each meal, G. very kindly suggested that we should make the following arrangement. He was the mentor, the guide; I the novice to be initiated. I was therefore to pay for both on the occasion of each visit to a saloon; I should thus be free from any sense of dependence. I was naturally delighted with this proposal for more reasons than one. I agreed forthwith, and from that day forward during my wanderings in search of information this was our practice.

Without attempting to record a diary of my experiences, I will just give a short account of the results of our peregrinations.

Taking the subject of meals in the order in which they run, the next thing before us is luncheon. There are several drinking saloons in the city in which may be found a bar appropriated as a luncheon-bar. We have luncheon bars in London, but they differ very much from those of which I am speaking. I think the more favourably of these places with regard to the little pecuniary arrangement just mentioned. Any little ruffling of my equanimity consequent thereon, was soothed by the discovery that the lunches are free. That is to say, we there find cheese, biscuit, dried ham, herrings, and other light viands at our disposal, free of any charge; but we are expected to order something to drink. It might be thought that this liberality on the part of the proprietors would sometimes be abused by designing visitors. But these speculators take care to provide for

consumption only such provisions as are provocative of thirst, and they reap a rich harvest from their forethought. It is true that there are occasionally visitors who enter the saloon without a cent in their pockets, and with no idea of paying for anything, and that this sort of gentry pay much greater attention to the lunch than other visitors. But it generally happens that somebody takes compassion on them in their pitiable state of thirst after these labours, and they are treated to a "drink." As for the eatables, they are of such a character that there must be some place specially devoted to their preparation. The cheese is of the saltiest and most pungent; the herrings so intensely pickled that they seem to have had salt forced into them by hydraulic pressure, dried to an exceeding hardness, and innocent of any cooking. The ham and beef are similarly prepared and also eaten raw. A briny influence prevails throughout. There is no doubt that in the case of the proprietors of these places virtue is duly rewarded. Their generosity meets with its recompense.

The luncheon hour is generally from twelve to one: after which time the saloon lapses into a drinking saloon proper. I shall speak of *these* places by-and-by, as also of the oyster rooms, and continue for the present in the line of the eating department. Dining is our next topic, and a few words on the various resorts for achieving this desirable object in New York will be in order in this place.

In regard to people who are in a position to fare sumptuously, there is every facility for dining expensively. Turtle is much affected, and the shelled creature may be seen outside the door with the announcer chalked on his back that he will be served up on such a day in the shape of soup, and promising a rich treat by the words "I am very fat," as conspicuous as may be. Insult added to injury indeed! Edible birds' nests may also be indulged in by the gourmand, and canvas-back ducks and Mexican reed-birds are not scarce if



adjusted by the sound of dollars chinking. But the hotels chiefly absorb the class of persons to whom the turtle's appeal is addressed, whereas we are just now concerned with the ordinary dining saloons, frequented by persons who may perhaps hope some day to become aldermen, but are as yet simply gentlemen of moderate means.

Descending then to the consideration of ordinary beef and mutton, we at once pronounce American meat to be inferior to English. There is not much attention paid to rearing fat cattle in the United States, and the ordinary beef is obtained from a poor ill-fed class of animal. The practice of employing oxen, and even cows, for agricultural purposes is common in many parts of the country; and, when the farmer has gained as much work from any one of his cattle as can possibly be got out of it, he sells it to the butcher. The latter feeds it sparingly for a short time, and then slaughters it for the market. Is it likely, then, that the beef should be good when the animal is killed only at the end of a life of hard labour? The mutton is not subjected to any such deteriorating process during the life of the sheep, and is therefore better in proportion. But it is very small, and the flavour is not remarkable. The ordinary charge is twelve cents, or sixpence for a plate, but including vegetables, bread and butter and pickles. I have, however, visited more than one very respectable saloon, where the charge was just half this amount, or threepence for meat or poultry, and ditto for any kind of pudding.

The Americans are well aware of the superiority of English meat over their own, and on certain occasions this fact is prominently exemplified. It often happens that the stewards of the ocean steamers sell a few joints of English beef and mutton to the proprietors of the dining-rooms. This meat has been kept iced during the voyage, and is in prime condition. There are two, or at most three, at which one may reckon on tasting real Southdown and prime English sirloin on the day after the

arriving of the steamer. The proprietors arrange with the stewards for the monopoly of any English produce they may have to spare. They then advertise in the daily papers, "A leg of prime English mutton to-day; a round of real English beef; real English hare; stewed rabbit from England," and so forth. On these occasions the prices are advanced, and, as the supplies of the foreign dainties are very limited, and the diners very numerous, it is only the fortunate few who are early in the field whose palates are delighted with the genuine article. All the later comers must really eat American mutton or beef, and be content with fancying they enjoy what the proprietor pretends to give them. The hares and rabbits that are also occasionally served are considered a great treat; and, as these cannot very well be imitated in a country where none are to be found, there is no opposition or doubt as to their origin. Any observant person can tell the difference between the limbs and body of a rabbit and those of a cat, even though cooked in the form of a stew. So that one may feel tolerably comfortable on this point.

But, though the Americans do not eat cats, they do eat cat-fish. They are a hideous looking fish, with a large head, from which protrude several thorny-looking spikes. When skinned and properly cooked, they are good eating. The *fish* in this case is really like meat. Query. Hence the name? There are many other varieties of fish to be found in New York. The best are the bass and the shad. There are also blue fish and white fish, all very well in their way, but our English sole surpasses them all.

After dining, G. invariably proposed an adjournment "to have a drink." We therefore bend our course to Broadway, that we may be quite respectable, and that no one may mistake us for rowdies. Every hotel has its bar, and there are also drinking saloons *proper*. These places bear no resemblance to English public-houses or gin palaces, but are fitted up more like the French *cafés*. There are special houses for the sale of

malt liquor, the ordinary bars providing wine and spirits.

We enter a handsome saloon of moderate size, and, standing before the bar, call for brandy. A bottle and tumblers are pushed across to us, and we pour out as much or as little as we choose, for which we pay a dime or fivepence sterling. We may, if we like, nearly fill the tumblers at the same price. But, if we poured only a drop and released the bottle, and after drinking pour another drop, we pay twice. There is no *limited* quantity called for. The brandy is generally good. Indeed, the French brandy and champagne in the States are better than are usually imported into England.

I am obliged to confess that I visited these places somewhat frequently; but then, as G. remarked, I could thus observe and study American character.

The habit of frequenting drinking saloons is prevalent to an extraordinary degree amongst all classes in New York. If two gentlemen meet, either by appointment or accidentally, they must go and "take a drink." Persons in a similar station in life among ourselves at home would not think of entering a public house habitually, as is the case in America. And a man may do this half a dozen times during the morning as a matter of course. As a general rule, people do not linger in the bar-rooms; they drink off their "cocktail," or whatever it may be, and depart immediately. Many a man on entering a saloon will, if alone, call for drinks for every person already in the room, merely for the sake of drinking his glassful in company. The only men who spend any lengthened period of time in these places without leaving are such as depend on the lucky arrival of some such generous person as this to treat them, and they hang about here from morning till night. The number and variety of the "drinks" themselves is extraordinary. I should not have room for a list of them even if I could remember one half the strange titles. But there are the "cocktail," "smash," "sling," "julep," the "back straightener," the "corpse

reviver," "moral suasion," the "bottomless pit," and many others.

The Americans affect to despise the habit of sitting down and conversing over their glass, which is peculiar to Englishmen. They sneer at this custom as a vulgar waste of time on the part of John Bull. But, as G. kindly said, "I guess you Britishers are fond of boozing. We Americans drink our rum and kind of start at once. Now I'll wait for you at the bar as long as ever you like. Don't hurry for me; the liquor is good, and I don't mind keeping you company. Look about; you want to take stock of us; here's a good opportunity. I'll wait." Which he kindly did, and I paid for the drinks.

American wit is proverbial. Critics say that it is the only really genuine wit extant. I rather agree with Artemus Ward that the English have more wit than the Americans, and the latter more humour. Such as it is, however, you hear plenty of it in the saloons. I wish I had noted down a tenth part of the quaint sayings and stories I heard. Some of the speakers tell the coolest stories with an air of truth that would, of itself, deceive the most suspicious. Wine in, wit out. Out truly in the sense of being abroad. I will give you a specimen of the kind of humour generally indulged in by the more pretentious of the talkers. Some one present was remarking that the English racehorse, Eclipse, had run a mile a minute. "That's pretty tall running," said an American, "but it is less than the average of our common roadsters. I live out of town, and when I ride into business in the morning my shadow cannot keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me some minutes after my arrival. One morning my horse was restless; so I rode him several times as hard as I could round Union Square, just to kind of take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time, I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

Here is one of a different kind, and

more indicative of wit than humour. I heard it told by a person who described himself as a principal actor in the scene. He was a Canadian, and told the story in a laughable manner, which I wish I could preserve in my version.

This gentleman and a number of others were trying feats of strength and activity on the bank of a river a few yards in width. Amongst the number was a Yankee, a raw, green-looking Down Easter. For a genuine Down East Yankee *looks* as simple and innocent as a young pigeon. He affected however to despise the efforts of the Canadians, and laughed at their feats of strength. "Down our way," he said, "we kin whip all creation for strength. Yew think yew are some punkins. Our boys down to hum could beat yew all to sticks." The Canadians pretended to be much amused at his boasting, and at last asked him what he could do. "Wal," said he, "I'll bet yew fifty dollars I'll throw any one of you right slick over this water." "Ha, ha!" laughed the others. "I kin do it, I'll bet," replied the Yankee. "Come on, then," said one of them; "we'll stake the money." This was done, and the man who had made the bet offered himself for the venture. "Will you take your coat off?" asked the Yankee. "Oh no," laughed the other; "your fifty dollars will buy me a new one if you *should* spoil it." The weather, it should be noted, was very cold. The Yankee then quietly lifted up the victim, and with little effort threw him a little way into the water. The other scrambled out, puffing and blowing, and shivering with cold, and as soon as he could speak claimed the stakes. "Oh," drawled the Yankee, "I didn't say I'd do it the *first* time, but I *kin* do it; I know I kin." The Canadian, being loth to lose his money, thought he would have one more try for it; so he let him try again. This time he was thrown a little further in, and of course finely ducked again. The Yankee then said, "I didn't say I'd do it the *second* time, but I *kin* do it; I know I kin." The other did not relish the idea of being

ducked a dozen or two of times before winning his bet, and accordingly gave in amidst the shrieks of laughter of his friends, who were, of course, delighted at having enjoyed the scene, especially as he was wet through and half frozen into the bargain.

The region of story-telling is so attractive that I cannot leave it without giving one more specimen of eccentricity in the thoughts and ideas of so many American speakers, although it has nothing to do with the saloons. It relates, however, to a subject which is too often found in very close proximity to them. Two preachers were on the same platform. One of them, who was preaching, happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark——" The other, who was behind him, ventured to correct his blunder, by saying, "Abraham wasn't there." But the speaker pushed on, and only took occasion shortly to repeat still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark——" "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham warn't there." The preacher was not to be put down in this way, and, addressing the people, exclaimed with great emphasis, "I say Abraham *was* thar, or *tharabouts*."

As the city of New York contains many Britishers, it has kindly provided for the indulgence of their contemptible weakness of not wishing to choke themselves in their haste to swallow their liquor. There are one or two saloons modelled somewhat after the fashion of an English public-house, with a parlour, where stolid Englishmen may smoke and drink after the fashion prevailing in London. In these favoured precincts the presiding genius is thoroughly British, and presents in his appearance a decided contrast to the smart, active, and dapper-looking gentleman who condescends to play at conjuring with wine and spirits for the delectation of Americans in the drinking saloons. Those who have seen the astonishing dexterity of some of these barkeepers in mixing the various drinks patronised in America, and also in Australia, will agree that it equals the best examples of sleight-of-

hand produced by the wizards. The performer has, for apparatus, spirits, bitters, wine, mint, strawberries, oranges, lemons, ice in little blocks, sugar, &c., besides tumblers and mysterious metal goblets exactly like conjuring-cups. On the receipt of an order, he whisks down a tumbler, shoots a few blocks of ice into it, adds a slice of lemon, powders it with sugar, distils some drops of bitters, pours in the spirits of wine, qualifies with water, then tilts the whole into one of the goblets, and keeping the tumbler reversed in the mouth of it, shakes the contents well together; then, taking a fresh cup in the right hand, and holding the first in the left, both arms extended above his head a good three feet apart, sends the liquor flying from one cup to the other without spilling a drop, and with such rapidity, that he is crowned with a flashing arch of fluid, which seems to unite the goblets together as if the whole was a fixture. The conjuring is completed by his pouring the now amalgamated ingredients into a fresh tumbler, and crowning the whole with a sprig of mint or a strawberry. The fee is twopence-halfpenny, and the trick itself is worth double the money to see it. These gentlemen have no slight opinion of themselves, and feel on entirely equal terms with merchants or any persons in a good position in society. They are generally associated with the proprietor in the business, and they dress as if they were intended as walking advertisements for a tailor.

The Germans are very numerous in New York. They are said to represent the commercial, and the Irish the political interest. A German without beer is an anomaly. Consequently there is special provision for their wants in the shape of saloons, bearing the mystic word "Lager." This Lager Bier is brewed and consumed in quantities sufficient to float a navy. Indeed, before the supply from the Croton Aqueduct was poured into the city, all the pumps and springs were run dry by the thirsty efforts of the stolid Germans. Two dozen tumblers is no great feat for one of them to achieve.

Their object seems to be to assimilate their figure to that of the beer-barrel. Which they succeed in doing "to admiration."

I came to the knowledge of these and other places by dint of persevering visits under G.'s guidance. He filled his post of guide and instructor faithfully, and never allowed me to miss anything in the refreshment line that he considered estimable. "Because, you see, by eating and drinking at every saloon we come to, you will not fail to impress your memory. By the way, you haven't tasted our oysters yet. I'm very fond of oysters myself. And I'll take you to the very head-quarters." Of course I agreed, though I don't care for oysters, which G. had doubtless forgotten, though I had often told him so. However, we set off one morning on our way to Fulton market, where I was told the best oysters were to be found. This market has many curious features, a review of which may prove interesting. It is situated in the lower part of the city, which also is the oldest portion, and is devoted exclusively to business. This was formerly the old Dutch town, and the style in which it is built is very different from that of the more modern additions.

On our way down town G. pointed to a store, on the outside of which was a very dirty-looking, battered iron safe conspicuously placed in the doorway. I could not see anything very interesting about it, but, on looking closer, observed the following lines on a paper attached to it. "This safe was exposed for 'thirty-six hours to the action of the 'tremendous fire which burned down 'the premises of Messrs. Gourman, 'the great pastrycooks. The proprietor 'happened, when the fire broke out, to 'have in his hand a dish containing 'a fine roast chicken, and, in his hurry, 'he thrust the dish into the safe with 'his books and papers. The safe itself 'was red hot for many hours; yet such 'are its antiphlogistic properties that, 'on opening it when cool, the chicken 'was discovered literally frozen into a 'mass of icy matter!" This was the

advertiser's way of publishing the wonderful power of resisting fire inherent in his safes.

When we reached our destination, G. being anxious to acquire an appetite for the oysters, we perambulated the market, which I found so interesting that I cannot do better than briefly recount some of its most remarkable features.

Fulton market is built in the form of a square, and is covered in throughout with glass. It forms a complete little town itself, and contains within its wooden walls stores of almost every kind of necessities. The chief entrance is not through gates, but by a species of arcade or passage, which is, in fact, a continuation of the street foot-pavement, and therefore always open. Two of these arcades run at right angles to each other, bounding the body of the market on two sides; and the various passages into the central portion branch off from them. Business goes on here without cessation (except on Sundays) all the year round; and crowds of people, of almost every nation on the globe, pass and repass from morning till night.

There are separate compartments for the sale of meat, fish, poultry and vegetables; rows of fruit stores with the tempting products of the southern soil hanging in groves from the roof, and covering the counters in endless profusion. Poultry was, at the time of my visit, sold at sixpence a pound; geese, turkeys, and ducks the same. Wild ducks were cheap and plentiful; bunches of squirrels were hung up, being much esteemed. In the vegetable department are found every kind of pumpkin, melons, squashes, and egg plants. The latter, when sliced and fried, taste much like an oyster, and require the digestive powers of an ostrich in the consumer. Tomatos are here, as everywhere else in the city, sold in great quantities. This is a very favourite vegetable (or fruit) in America. They are eaten either raw or cooked. Many persons, as I saw with some astonishment, ate them as they would a peach or an apple, but they are much more palatable when dressed.

The best plan is to scald them, and, after peeling, simmer in a stewpan with butter and pepper. They are so juicy that they require no water when thus cooked, and they form a rich and delicious soup, which it is difficult to believe is not made from meat. Sweet potatoes are abundant and as cheap as ordinary potatoes. As regards fruit, the New Yorkers have a great advantage over us in the luscious supplies of their Southern States. But they grow some very superior kinds of fruit in the North. They export large quantities of very fine apples to this country. Their peaches are abundant and very fine. A good basketful may be had in Fulton market for a shilling sterling. Strawberries are here found in profusion, but the cultivators take very little pains in rearing them. They grow them in a field, and plough between the rows to clean them, never manuring, and growing from year to year a small dwarfy kind of berry, which will not, of course, compare with our beautiful varieties. The Americans are very fond of fruit, and invariably have it served for *supper*, as they call a six o'clock tea. So much so that blackberries in all their native wildness are sold at the same price as strawberries and raspberries.

I noticed at every fruit-store lumps of dark-brown matter of the colour of dark bees'-wax, and found, on inquiry, that it was maple-sugar. The farmers cultivate the sugar "mapple," as they call it, and draw the juice every year from the tree, from which they derive considerable profits.

Besides the stores already mentioned, there are in Fulton market dry goods stores, shoe-shops, toy-shops, hardware-stores, stationers' shops, and ice-houses. There are drinking saloons, lager saloons, and, most numerous of all, coffee-shops. The saloons are frequented more or less at all hours of the day; but the coffee-shops are visited periodically by hungry and thirsty customers engaged at work on the numerous ships and the piers at which they lie. These places of refreshment are more like summer-houses than anything else, and the proprietors in

some cases endeavour to make them attractive by placing a few tubs containing evergreens on each side of the very short approach to the doorway. I acquired information in regard to them from solitary personal experience.

Their refreshments consist of tea, coffee, and pies—nothing else. Pies are a great institution in Fulton market. The number annually consumed at the various coffee-shops here is known only to the fortunate manufacturers. On my first visit to one of the summer-houses I innocently asked for a roll of bread and butter ; but a person who cannot eat American pie should satisfy his appetite before coming *here*, for this delicacy takes the place of every kind of eatable usually sold in similar refreshment-rooms. Piles upon piles of flat round pies, of apple, pumpkin, rhubarb, or cranberry, form a series of columns of pale, sickly-looking pastry. Like the pillars of a ruined temple, they stand in solemn array, a monument to the extraordinary digestive capacity of the American stomach. These famous pies are, in fact, merely flat spheres of flabby paste, with a plaister of some kind of jam covering the centre of the upper surface. They are sometimes served hot, but their normal condition is one of cold, leaden clamminess. About the middle of the day *cartloads* of them arrive at the market, and they are distributed among the various coffee-shops. At the usual working-man's dinner-hour these places are filled to overflowing by hungry pie-seekers, who come to enjoy their dinner. A cup of tea or coffee, and as many quarters of pie as they can afford or have appetite for, constitute the repast. The rule is, that no man shall occupy a seat unless he is actually engaged in devouring pie. My self-devotion and ardour in the pursuit of knowledge will thus be apparent to all. Space is valuable in the pie season, and there are pies waiting to be eaten, and persons ready and willing to eat them. Therefore every customer must move off when he can stow away no more of the precious cargo. I had thus but a limited time for observation. One

attempt damped and quenched my own zeal. I observed, however, from a distance, though in much inward discomfort, and marvelled exceedingly at the wonderful disappearance of the columns, as crowd after crowd of diners passed in and out of the coffee-shops. When all comers are satisfied, the keeper of the summer-house has an opportunity of selecting and eating for his own dinner the choicest pie left. But he does no such thing : he knows better. His own private dinner arrives from a neighbouring dining-room ; and he may reflect while he enjoys it that he has paid less for the meat and etceteras before him than any of his customers has done for the tasteless mess he has swallowed. One of these heartless dealers showed me with an air of triumph, mingled with sarcastic pity for the weakness of his dupes, a splendid wedding-cake given to him by his wholesale pieman as an acknowledgment of his custom.

That quarter of the market for which we were specially bound, viz. the oyster-passage, is quite as remarkable as the coffee-shop avenue. It runs at right angles with it, and consists of a number of little rooms devoted exclusively to the consumption of what fantastic writers call "the delicious bivalve." Oysters are universally eaten in New York ; they even divide the palm with pies. They certainly deserve the praise accorded to them, though most of them might be thought too nearly the size of the pies to be agreeable to the lover of the little Whitstable native.

A somewhat peculiar story is told in reference to this particular ; and, if the reader will pardon the vulgarity of it, it is worth repeating for its *suggestive* qualities.

A Frenchman went into one of the oyster saloons for a dozen of oysters ; he preferred the large ones, and swallowed eleven, somewhat smaller than a cheese-plate, with much relish. As the barkeeper handed him the twelfth, his eyes glistened at its magnificent proportions, for it far exceeded the largest of those already disposed of. "*Bon,*



*bon, c'est magnifique!*" said he rapturously; and, making a prodigious effort, he succeeded in getting it down. The barkeeper watched him anxiously, and, seeing his success, exclaimed, "Wal, I guess you are the smartest feller I've seen this long while. Why, I've had thirteen persons here who tried to swallow that there oyster, and every one of them was obliged to give it up as a bad job!" The Frenchman's feelings may be imagined.

In this department they have solely a 'stove placed opposite the door of each room, so that, as the visitor passes along the avenue, he has on one side a number of glowing furnaces, where oysters and clams are being broiled, roasted, stewed, fried, &c. and he will also encounter a most abominable odour arising from the heaps of shells awaiting the arrival of the dust-cart, which does not come too often. The atmosphere generally for a long distance in every direction has a flavour of burnt and discarded oyster-shells, which invariably settled or unsettled my appetite. I have also the greater horror of the name of pies owing to this fact; for the coffee-shops were thoroughly saturated with these ambrosial breezes. The oyster-rooms are liberally patronised, and are frequented by all classes, but especially by the wealthy. For certainly they know how to cook oysters at these places. They have numberless methods of dressing them; and, if they were a little cleaner in their cooking, their dishes would tempt one who, like myself, might not care much to eat them. However, G.'s partiality for oysters was uncontrollable by trifles, and I had time to look about me while he enjoyed himself. He was so slow to recall me that, as I thought of the many dozens I should have to pay for, I am sorry to say I almost wished that he might find every twelfth oyster as well recommended as that which I have referred to above.

A little further on is a department occupied by tobacco-stalls. There is scarcely an American citizen who does not chew, and these stores drive a roaring trade in tempting-looking little packets,

shining in their bright silvery covers, like cakes of chocolate. They contain, however, a preparation much more powerful. The practice of tobacco-chewing, so prevalent in the States, is one principal cause of the pallor which characterises every face one meets. It acts powerfully on the brain, being far more injurious than smoking, and its influence is such that a man once habituated to its use will find his whole system disorganised if he attempts to throw off the habit suddenly. This unpleasant custom exhibits itself everywhere, leading to the necessity of having spittoons placed even in churches, which are thus shown to be almost on a par with public-houses. The smokers in America, except the Germans, use cigars instead of pipes; but, numerous as they are, it would be an advantage to the public if smoking superseded chewing. Like the man in the story who threatened to avail himself of the spittoon if it were not removed, the Americans trouble themselves very little about the carpets of a friend's house, or the floors and marble pavements of their hotel rooms.

The market drinking-saloons are never empty. The ships lying close by supply a constant stream of customers, and nearly all who visit the market for business or pleasure are sure to find themselves in front of a tempting-looking bar before quitting the premises. There is one saloon whose approaches are so artfully constructed that the passenger walks into the doorway with perfect innocence, under the impression that he is following the continuation of the main pathway. And, even though I had such a perfect guide as G., we actually made this mistake, and did not recover ourselves till we found we had each partaken of an excellent brandy "cocktail."

There are many other things worthy of examination by the curious in Fulton market, but want of space forbids any further details. I will merely add that, whereas it has been said a man may enter the establishment of Moses and Son in a state of nature, and may emerge therefrom clothed from head to foot,

with an umbrella in his hand and an ornamental toothpick in his mouth, a person might enter the bounds of this market, not only in the same predicament, but hungry and thirsty into the bargain, and he might not only clothe himself, breakfast, lunch (free), and dine (off pie if he chose), but might also indulge in an oyster supper, chew the strongest tobacco, drink unlimited "smashes," "slings," &c., and might finally secure a night's lodging *gratis* in the police-station conveniently at hand.

G. and I, however, preferred returning for the present to our hotel, being as much fatigued as I fear the reader will be, by dwelling so long on the subject of eating and drinking. In connexion with the topic, by the way, I have not spoken of the boarding-houses. One or two remarks may suffice. The account given in "Martin Chuzzlewit" of the violent haste with which every boarder rushed headlong to the table is not by any means an extravagant exaggeration. It is quite certain that if you do not take your place immediately on the ringing of the bell, you come off uncommonly short in respect of anything you can eat, both at dinner and other meals. They seem to have no idea of hot plates, and hot joints are served on stone-cold dishes—one reason, perhaps, for the haste of the boarders. Pickled cucumbers prevail in abundance; up and down the table the

saucers stand, and the taste is something between ancient shoe-leather and stale seaweed.

Tea is a somewhat substantial meal with the Americans, who generally eschew supper. If they take anything before bedtime, it is probably cream and cakes, or fruit. They are very fond of sweet things; and the ladies especially crowd the "candystores," which are not less numerous than the dentists—with which business they are intimately connected.

I shall here close my remarks on this branch of American social life. The reader will, doubtless, by this time, be in a condition of repletion, or else weary of dwelling on delicacies in imagination only. For my own part, I cannot pursue the subject any further, being already worked up to a pitch of aggravation which can only be calmed down either by an immediate supply of some of the most enticing articles, or by leaving the subject altogether. The latter being the easiest course to pursue, I must follow it, and therefore take leave of the New York saloons and markets. I will merely observe that, finding it too much of a good thing to continue paying double for every meal I took, I was compelled to get rid of my particular friend G. by one evening lending him twenty dollars—since which time I have never seen him.

## BROTHER PRINCE.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S.

THE study of history shows us that the first element of success in the foundation of a new creed is unbounded self-reliance in its founder. If a man cannot believe in himself, neither will others believe in him. Had Mahomet not been fully convinced of his own divine mission, his followers would not now constitute the largest body of believers in one creed

in the world. Had Confucius, instead of handing down his traditionary faith in the gods very much as he received it, remodelled it entirely, and made it a basis for his wonderfully complicated moral and social system, his creed would have been more widely spread and more deeply stamped. He had no definite belief in God or in a future state, and

therefore his rules for the regulation of society, which are the work of a master mind, lack the religious element that would have enormously increased their weight. Or again, if we take the most remarkable movement of modern times, that of the Mormons, had Brigham Young, the founder of the present phase of Mormonism, felt the slightest distrust in himself, could he have induced his followers to leave their pleasant homes at Nauvoo with all that they contained, and fare forth into an unknown land fifteen hundred miles away, along a route infested by hostile Indians, wolves, and bears.

The process by which a thorough belief in self is acquired is remarkably exemplified in the life of Brother Prince, the founder of the Princites, a sect of which scarcely anything is known, except the name, beyond the borders of Somersetshire, and of which, even in that county, the knowledge is rather legendary than historical, although they possess a Bible of their own, and number highly educated men in their ranks. Step by step, in their founder's diary, sermons, and "The Voices," which represent our Bible, the changes in his opinions can be traced, from the time when he was a poor student at Lampeter, given up to prayer-meetings and the visitation of the sick, down to the time when he announced himself as the Sanctifier of the Flesh. It is very rarely that an opportunity is presented of mental analysis such as this, in which religious enthusiasm or mania can be traced directly to the operation of certain principles, acting upon a mind weakened by bodily suffering, and can be proved not to have been assumed for the purposes of knavery or folly, as is generally believed in similar cases. The history of the growth of his opinions falls naturally into three distinct periods: first, that extending from his youth up to the time of his declaring himself possessed of the Holy Ghost at Lampeter; secondly, that during which he declared himself to be the incarnation of the Holy Ghost, and the founder of a new and more advanced worship of God;

and lastly, that reaching from the time when he formally proclaimed to his followers the commencement of the reign of the flesh upon earth, down to the present day.

Brother Prince spent his boyhood in Bath, at a time when men's minds were stirred in a remarkable manner about religion, and when the reaction against the Tractarian movement, caused by Tract XC. was at its height. In Bath, as in most cities and large towns, it manifested itself in a sort of revival, in continuous prayer-meetings and religious exercises without formularies, intended as a protest against the importance attached by the Tractarians to forms and Church services. He was thus thrown into an atmosphere of religious enthusiasm. Weak in frame, and therefore unable to share the healthy sports of other boys, but possessed of a strong imagination, he was just the sort of boy on whom religious exercises must have had the maximum of effect. He became entirely given up to the movement going on around him, and he resolved to study, so far as his broken health would allow, with a view to taking holy orders. We are first introduced to his inner life in his private journal. At the time he began it, in 1836, he was so deeply impressed with the efficacy of prayer, that on all occasions he prayed for direct intervention, even in the most ordinary matters of daily life. Thus he writes:—"August 5. After tea went on board the *Wyvern* to sleep—dreadful toothache; prayed to God to remove it, which He did, and I forgot to thank Him for it." His age at this time was about seventeen or eighteen. In the spring of the same year he had a severe illness, and nearly bled to death after a dangerous operation; in spite, however, of ill-health he adhered to his intention of being ordained, and resolved to go to Durham University in the next year. But he altered his plans, and entered Lampeter College in the winter of 1836. This change, brought about as he thought by Divine interposition, was the great crisis of his life. St. David's, Lampeter, shared to a very remarkable degree in

the great revival of religion without formularies. A number of the young men had banded themselves together to pray and preach and mutually edify one another, under the name of the Lampeter Brethren. To a disregard of the ceremonial of the Church of England they united a firm belief in the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination, and a conviction of God's direct interference in ordinary human affairs. For this school of thought he was eminently fitted by his previous training in Bath, and accordingly he joined the Brethren, and soon became, to quote the words of one of them, "unusually blessed in the edification of saints and the conversion of sinners, and eminently a man of self-denial." The year 1837 he spent, so far as his health would allow him, in prayer and visiting the sick, and some little reading for the examinations. There is no entry in his journal for that year which an enthusiastic young Calvinist might not have written. A visit he paid to a poor girl who was dying shows the nature of his ministrations. "May 10.—I continued very dull in spirit all the evening, and was so in prayer, until I began to pray for this poor girl, when suddenly it seemed almost as if the heavens were opened, the *Spirit* descended upon me with such tremendous power. I could not have stopped from praying for her soul, and the consciousness that it was the *Spirit* and not myself praying, and the encouragement thereby to continue in prayer, the conviction of God's power and willingness to save her, and of the glory that would accrue to Christ in her salvation—combined to call forth a fervour that amounted to groanings that cannot be uttered." This was written after an attack of scarlet fever, in April, and is the first evidence of his belief that he was possessed of the Holy Ghost; during the following month, however, the idea became rooted in his mind. "June 4.—I felt sure it was indeed His work to prepare me for the office (ministry), that His Spirit was granted me in a special way for that purpose. . . . I

"found grace to yield up, freely and unconditionally, to the care and guidance of the Spirit, not only my heart and will, but my intentions, desires, thoughts, and undertakings; in fact, every faculty, both of body and soul, without any reserve." A more explicit statement than this of a conviction in his own predestination could hardly have been made. In 1838 he showed a still further progress in his views: he resolved not only to perform the will of God in the minutest affairs of life, but also to do nothing without a previous manifestation of it. If he were about to take a walk on a wet day, he would not carry an umbrella without first praying to God for guidance. He would not leave Lampeter until he had been divinely directed. His theory of Divine guidance now led him to act contrary to, and then to ignore altogether, the dictates of common sense, and at last he was led to believe that all he said and did, and all he omitted to say and do, was by the express direction of the Holy Ghost. This phase of his belief is singularly illustrated by the following entry for June 17th, 1838, which is also remarkable in itself for the light it throws on the internal economy of Lampeter College. "During the past week I have been engaged in studying Euclid. Yesterday I was examined for the prize, which God gave me. In this circumstance there is an evident manifestation of the Divine faithfulness, and a testimony to my own conscience that I really was following the leading of God's Spirit and accomplishing His will when I refrained from studying the classics more than would barely enable me to go through the daily lecture. During the course of the term I have often wondered exceedingly how I should be able to pass the required examination at the close of it, and particularly how I should accomplish that one preparatory to entering the Divinity Class at the commencement of next term. Carnal reason and common sense often persuaded me to read more, but the

"Spirit constantly forbade me, and made me leave it wholly to God to bring me through every difficulty. This I was enabled to do, though there appeared every probability of my being confounded" (i.e. plucked), "if not disgraced. I felt clearly that I could not pass without some interposition on the part of God, but I had no conception how He would interfere. About three weeks ago the College petitioned for a remission of the approaching examination on the score of the Queen's coronation: their petition was granted. Thus unexpectedly did I escape that one. But the most difficult and important still remained. Last Monday it was announced that the Euclid prize was to be contended for on Saturday. The Lord allowed me to go in and so helped me that I accomplished it with ease, and in consequence of this, as I was already a scholar, I am now exempt from any further examination, and enter the Divinity Class at once." His devotion clearly by this time had got the better of his reading, and he was drifting fast away from the belief of the Lampeter Brethren. During the next year his opinions show a still further development, for not only does he say and do everything under the dictation of the Holy Ghost, but he believes that he has power to interfere with the ordinary operations of nature. "April 12, 1839.—By the help of God I have overcome an east wind. For three or four weeks a strong east wind has been blowing; and, as this wind exerts quite a pestilential influence on my body, and has so often been the means of bringing me so very low, when it began this time my flesh trembled. God, however, gave me faith to believe it should not injure me; nor did it, though I have been exposed to it daily. Yesterday, however, my faith failed, and, the wind being strong and the sun very hot, I expected to be laid up, when, lo! the wind shifted to the north. I have no doubt that God gave me special faith for the occasion; and when the

faith was no longer needed, He took it from me. Neither do I doubt that I through faith subdued the east wind to the glory of God." It was a year of intense activity for him, spent in visiting the sick, preaching, and continual prayer. In the autumn of that year, unfortunately for psychologists, he ended his diary. "October 28.—I have had no permission from God to write in my journal since I have made the last entry." This marks the end of the first stage of the growth of his opinions. Up to this time he was merely an ultra-Calvinist, who applied the theory of predestination and possession to the workings of every-day life.

From that time up to 1842 he remained in Lampeter, working with the Brethren—having entered into holy orders, and having married a young lady in Lampeter who shortly after died. In 1843 he became persuaded that he was the Holy Ghost personified; that the Holy Ghost suffered and died in him; and lastly, that this suffering and death obtained for the Brethren a ministerial spirit, not the Holy Ghost, but "My Spirit," or a modification of it. Consequently he refused to allow the Brethren to exercise their private judgment when it clashed with his own views, which he considered to be the dictates of the Holy Ghost,—a proceeding which naturally led to frequent quarrels. He also entered into a controversy with his brother-in-law who had been giving him good advice. "I remain," he writes, "in the unity of the Father and the Son, One whom it is evident you know not." And later, that he will have no outward communion of fellowship with him, "until you have first acknowledged me as the Holy Ghost manifested in measure in the flesh." Then, again, finding that his arguments were unavailing, he tried to gain him over by a kind of spiritual bribery. "October 15, 1844.—Brother Rees has received the ministerial spirit procured for him by the suffering and death of the Holy Ghost; nothing therefore

"hinders you from at once entering  
"with Brother Prince into the con-  
"sciousness of a risen life in the Holy  
"Ghost, in order to our both being  
"speedily absorbed in Him." Brother  
Prince by this time clearly thought he  
could share his divinity with another.  
He ended the correspondence by sending  
Mr. Rees an anonymous letter on black-  
edged paper, in which he called him  
Judas, and blotted his name out of  
the Book of Life. He also turned  
the ballad of the "Miller's Lovely  
Daughter" into a hymn of the spiritual  
death of Mr. Rees, which he entitled  
"The Apostate Brother." The result  
of this open declaration of his views  
led of course to a schism among the  
Lampeter Brethren, over whom he had  
such influence that four, who were by  
this time clergymen of the Church of  
England, became his followers. This  
schism marks the end of the second  
stage of his opinions, in which he had  
grown from an enthusiastic Calvinism  
into a belief that he was the Incarnation  
of the Holy Ghost.

We are now come to the time when  
Brother Prince openly declared himself  
to the world. A little while before he  
had caused the schism in the Lampeter  
Brethren, he had taken the cure of  
Adullam Chapel in Brighton, where he  
became a popular preacher, and wrote  
a book of sermons which were the  
admiration of the Evangelical party.  
Among the ladies who flocked to hear  
him, in that Elysium of popular  
preachers, were four daughters of a  
wealthy clergyman at Ipswich, who had  
been brought up in the same religious  
school of thought. One of these he  
married. The strangeness of his views  
compelled him to leave Brighton in  
1844-5, and he obtained a second curacy  
at Charlinch, a little village five miles  
from Bridgewater, where he did many  
things contrary to the doctrines of the  
Church of England; such as adminis-  
tering the Sacrament to little children,  
and the like. Here, also, he became  
popular, and had a considerable following  
among the country-folk. His doctrines  
and practice now attracted the attention

of his bishop, and he was compelled to  
give up his curacy. Some of his Brighton  
admirers had already followed him into  
Somersetshire, and among them his  
three sisters-in-law. These he induced  
to surrender their fortunes into his care,  
and with this money and his wife's he  
bought an estate in Charlinch, and built  
the Agapémone, or the "Abode of Love."  
While this was being built, he hired a  
loft in Bridgewater, and preached his  
Gospel to the world. "At these meet-  
ings," says a writer in the *Bridgewater  
Times* for 1850, "numbers were induced  
"to remain the greater portion of the  
"night, and urged to renounce all their  
"friends and relatives who would not  
"cast in their lot with the Princites;  
"and young girls were detained from  
"their homes to imbibe the depraved  
"and demoralizing doctrines, urged with  
"all the strenuousness that religious  
"infatuation and cunning could bring  
"to the aid of their teachers." He  
published, also, the first of his series of  
pamphlets, or "Voices," in which he  
explains his mission to the world. He  
viewed Christianity as effete and dead;  
it had done its work and served its  
purpose in the wisdom of God, but was  
now to be superseded by his doctrine,  
just as it supplanted Judaism. Christ  
was the incarnation of the Son of God;  
Prince was the incarnation of the living  
quickened Spirit. "The Holy Ghost  
"fulfilled the Gospel in Brother Prince  
"by being and doing in him fully all  
"that he was sent by the Father and  
"the Son to be and to do, so that He  
"left not anything undone in Brother  
"Prince of all that it was in Him, as  
"the Spirit of the dispensation, to per-  
"form. He did first testify to him of  
"Jesus; secondly, He created him  
"anew; thirdly, He sanctified him.  
"He did all this, and He was all this  
"fully in Brother Prince, and so ful-  
"filled the Gospel in him. He took  
"him entirely out of self, so that he  
"was quite dead in self and alive only  
"in God. As God when He first begun  
"His work of grace in Brother Prince  
"found him quite empty of God and  
"quite full of himself, so, when He



"had finished His work of grace in him, He left him quite empty of self" and quite full of God. Being now "dead in himself and alive only in God," he had no knowledge or consciousness "of self, and so no knowledge of good or evil." Thus clearly he expresses his divinity, and abrogates social and moral obligations. By this time they numbered altogether about 160, of whom five were clergymen, and of whom one had been curate at Charlinch. Most of them were persons of property, which they handed over to Prince on their entering the Agapémone, and this money was invested in his own name in the Funds. Nearly all of them lived in the Agapémone, having all things in common, while others cultivated the estate, and therefore stood in some sort of relation to the outer world. In some cases, where the husband became a disciple, the wife refused to enter the Agapémone, and consequently several lawsuits arose. In one brought by a Princite clergyman, named Thomas, against his wife, to acquire possession of his child, Lord Bruce refused to allow it to be entrusted to his care, saying that he would as soon consign it to a camp of gipsies as to the Agapémone, and the court held it a duty to save it from the pollution of the parent's teaching.

At this stage of his career, Brother Prince always appeared to the Gentiles in almost royal state. He rode in a handsome carriage-and-four, with postillions, and was always preceded by a horseman, and followed by two others in white liveries and a couple of bloodhounds; and in this style he was in the habit of going to preach in the villages of the neighbourhood. This display, of course, excited the anger of the unbelieving rustics, who, on one occasion, attacked the carriage in the neighbourhood of Wells, smashed it to pieces, and would probably have killed Brother Prince if he had not been rescued by the farmers who were the instigators of the attack. Warned by this, he relaxed his endeavours to catch disciples, and at last gave them over altogether. In the law courts of Somersetshire his

followers could not always obtain that even-handed justice which is supposed to be the birthright of every Englishman. A wealthy farmer had entered the Agapémone, and his wife and two daughters had fled over to France rather than join him. The brother-in-law bought in some of his sister's furniture at the sale, and, being insulted by one of the Princites, he knocked him down. This was the signal for an attack on the Princites, who were all soundly thrashed and would have been pitched into the river Parratt had not the aggressor interfered. The matter was brought before the Petty Sessions at Taunton, where the verdict for the injured man was damages one farthing, without costs. From that time to this, the saying, "You can knock down four Princites for a penny," is current in the county.

Brother Prince also spent a great deal of his time travelling on the Continent, in great style. Whenever he was at the Agapémone, however, there was a flag hoisted, with a lamb upon it, and the motto, "Behold the Lamb of God!" which was known in the neighbourhood to be his emblem. In his absence Brother Thomas was his vicegerent. The disciples had very little intercourse with the outer world, but were remarkable for the elegance of their carriages, and the high breed of their horses. Many were probably induced to join them by this display; but few of the poorer classes were admitted, and those for the most part girls. There is no direct evidence to show the nature of the moral and social system within the Agapémone. There was no observance of our Sunday, except it was by games of hockey and football, which became so notorious that the place frequently was mobbed on that day. Once the players became so enraged that they sallied out on the mob with their hockey-sticks, and were in consequence convicted before the magistrates for assault.

We now come to the third and last stage in the progress of Brother Prince's opinions. Hitherto his mission had been purely spiritual; now it was to be carnal. All other dispensations had been spi-

ritual, and ignored the flesh; he now took upon himself to sanctify and save the flesh. The argument in the "Voice" published in the year 1856 took this form. "The first indispensable for the creation of a new earth was a spiritual body for the Holy Ghost, that is to say, Brother Prince; the second, the dissolution of the old earth, the latter because God was going to make Himself known to flesh." The Gospel was spiritual, and therefore could not deal with men as flesh; the dissolution of the old earth was the superseding of Christianity by Brother Prince's doctrines. "Jesus Christ now proceeds to create a new earth in this wise: a mighty angel clothed with a cloud, and with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, gave a little book to Brother Prince, who ate it, that he might make it known by living it." A short time before he had thus been sent to sanctify the flesh, he had met with a girl who struck his fancy. He took her with him into the chapel at the Agapémone, and called his followers together, that he might announce to them the inauguration of the reign of the flesh in the following words:—"As Jesus Christ called a people out of the world and made them one in spirit, so He, the Holy Ghost, would now make them one flesh. He would do this, not by telling or explaining to flesh what his mind was towards it, but by living it out through his own spirit. Agreeably thereto, He, the Holy Ghost, took flesh, a woman" (i.e. the girl in question); "he did this through Brother Prince, as flesh, yet not Brother Prince as natural flesh. Thus the Holy Ghost took flesh, in the presence of those whom he had called as flesh. Out of this one lump of clay, dust of the ground, living earth, flesh, He, the great Potter, took one piece" (the girl) "according to His sovereign will and pleasure, to make it new. He took flesh, a woman, in their presence, and told them that it was His intention to keep this flesh with Him continually, by day and by night, and to make it one with Him,

"even as a man is one flesh with his wife." In this report of the speech, printed by himself in the fourth "Voice," the capitals are his own, and imply his divinity. He then proceeded to give prestige to the girl whom he had thus deliberately chosen. "He will thenceforth only acknowledge as his people those who know and acknowledge him in the flesh he had taken." It would seem also that he anticipated some ill-feeling to arise among the disciples on account of the girl: "He did not care what others said or thought, and he took the flesh in his own sovereign will." He seems also to have taken the girl herself by surprise, and to have altogether ignored her feelings in the matter. "He did not even consult, or in any way make known his intention to the flesh He took" (the girl); "in taking of it He left it no choice of its own; He took it in free grace—flesh that knew not God, and was ignorant of Him (Prince); He took it in love, not because it loved Him, for it did not, but because it pleased Him to set His love upon it; and though He took it in absolute power and authority, without consulting its pleasure, or even giving it a choice, yet He took it in love, for, having taken it, the manner of His life with it was such as flesh could not but know and appreciate as love. He saw no evil in it, and in fact He loved it, and cherished it as His own flesh. He took it openly with Him wherever He went, not being ashamed of it, and made its life happy and agreeable by affording it the enjoyment of every simple and innocent gratification." Perhaps such a naïve confession of love, and of the steps taken to woo and win, has never before been made in public.

From the time of this inauguration of the reign of flesh dates the decline of the sect. Some of them, and especially the women, grew tired of the mode of life at the Agapémone, and made their escape. One who got over the high walls is reported to have been hunted with bloodhounds. Here, as in Utah, the women were watched with

the utmost jealousy, and allowed to have no communication whatever with the outer world. Whenever they went out they were attended by an escort of male disciples, and were under as careful a surveillance as the inmates of a gaol or lunatic asylum. Quarrels also took place about the women, and about money. One of the apostate brethren brought an action against Brother Prince for the recovery of his property, which was decided in his favour. One also of Prince's sisters-in-law died in the Agapémone, and her family compelled Brother Prince to disgorge her money. By these losses the Princites were shorn of a great part of their splendour, and from that time down to the present have been gradually becoming poorer and fewer in numbers. The Gentile world also has been strictly excluded from their precincts.

Before the collapse of their fortunes, the writer of this essay got special leave to take a party of ladies over their establishment, in 1860. We drove from Bridgewater, the Nauvoo of their faith, through five miles of deeply-sunken lanes to Charlinch, and when we got to the brow of the last hill we had a bird's-eye view of the Agapémone. It was surrounded on every side by walls from twelve to fifteen feet high, which enclosed about five acres. Within stood a building somewhat resembling a college-chapel, and two clusters of cottages. Over the gateway was a tower with a flag-staff, which bears Brother Prince's emblem when he is at home. As he was absent there was then no flag hoisted. It occupies one of the loveliest spots in the south of England, where Coleridge delighted to wander when he was living in the village of Stowey, close by. On the one hand, you looked down a narrow valley, over the trees and the wheat-fields, far away into the British Channel, and over that you could see the hazy outline of Wales. On the other hand rose the Quantock Hills, black with fir-woods here, purple with heather there, or golden with gorse, and furrowed by deep-wooded coombes; while far away to the east was the field of

Sedgemoor, the high tower of Western Zoyland, and over that again Glastonbury Mount, twenty miles away, and St. Michael's Tower, on which the last abbot was hung. This was the situation they had chosen for their Abode of Love. We drove up to the oaken doors, which are folding, with a little one for foot-passengers, just like those at Oxford. We presented our letter of introduction: in a few minutes a guide was sent out, and we were admitted within the walls. We found ourselves in a most beautiful flower-garden, with two groups of cottages and the chapel lying in it. The greensward was most exquisitely kept, and the flowers were rare and costly. The roses were trained over the cottages, and covered not only the wall, but the very roof, up to the tops of the chimneys, with their blossoms. Everything was most carefully tended; there was not a single spray of verberna without its peg, nor a single dead or unhealthy leaf to be seen, nor a single weed on the gravel-walks. We were next taken into the hothouses, where the flowers, and especially the orchids, were remarkably fine, and of the newest and best varieties. Of these our guide allowed the ladies to take what they liked. We then went into the large conservatory, which was full of exotic shrubs and flowers, arranged according to their tints, so that there was a perfect harmony of colours. Cages of singing-birds hung from orange-trees; underneath them were couches, and an open piano showed that music was sometimes added to the other charms of sense.

We were then conducted into their chapel. It was a building about seventy feet long, by thirty wide, lying east and west, just as our churches do. The western half was raised about a foot above the level of the other, and evidently, from its rich decoration, corresponded with our chancel. It was, however, altogether devoid of religious furniture, according to our ideas. It was covered with a rich blue Turkey carpet, on which were blue velvet arm-chairs, couches, and settees, such as one might expect to find in a drawing-room;

while mirrors in three niches occupied the whole of the west end, and reflected the beauties of the marble statue and two vases that stood before them. In front, and occupying very much the position of the altar, was a large billiard-table, made out of the wreck of the *Royal George*. In the lower and eastern half, furnished less sumptuously, and therefore intended probably for an inferior order, were the musical instruments: an elaborately-carved harp, a grand piano with the most costly inlaid work, and an euterpæan. The latter is an instrument made on the same plan as a musical box, but it stands from eight to nine feet high, is about five feet wide, and has the effect of a full orchestra. It was one of three in the Great Exhibition of 1851. On our guide asking us what music we should like to hear, we chose "Guillaume Tell." He inserted a cylinder, touched a spring, and the overture was played to perfection. The place where the flageolet begins, and the other instruments gradually join in, was most admirably rendered. We then chose a march in "Gustav;" the cylinder was changed, and that also was played. It was impossible to guess at the capacity of the instrument, but the number of cylinders must be very great, because we chose the two pieces hap-hazard, and rather from a wish to test it than from any other motive. The impression left upon our minds by the interior of the chapel was, that music entered very largely into their ceremonial; and this is confirmed by the fact of one of the Princite farmers, who did not live in the Agapémone, riding thither every Sunday with a large brass instrument slung round his back. Possibly also billiards may have some religious significance among them. The only books we observed were a Bible, Dr. Kitto's "Biblical Dictionary," and Wordsworth's "Pictorial Greece." The windows were filled with stained glass. The building clearly was intended for a highly sensuous worship. We were not allowed to go into the stables, which are reported to correspond with the rest of the establishment, nor were

we allowed to cross the thresholds of any of the cottages. We were also jealously excluded from all intercourse with the inmates, the only two people we saw being our guide and a little girl, who was hastily snatched from the window from which she was gazing at us. Our guide preceded us into the hothouses, conservatory, and chapel, and warned the disciples to get out of our way, which was readily done, as every place possessed two doors at the very least; in the conservatory, indeed, as we entered at one door, we saw the skirts of a dress vanishing through another. Our guide was by no means communicative, and was careful to tell us nothing about their mode of life. The only sentiment he uttered when we thanked him, on leaving, for his courtesy was, "that we should exercise towards them the same feelings of brotherly charity as he had shown to us." He wore the brown cap with a peak that is the only distinctive dress of the male Princites, and was closely shaven, for whiskers and moustaches are proscribed in the Agapémone as rigorously as the tonsure is enforced in a monastery.

We felt indeed, when we again stood outside the massive doors, that we had been in a new world, among people utterly cut off from ourselves. The Agapémone is their New Jerusalem, in which they wait until all things should be put under their feet, and they begin their heavenly career. In the meanwhile, however, our social and moral laws are asserted to be worn-out rags, in which Christianity was clad before Prince put an end to that dispensation, and proclaimed the sanctification of the flesh. Everything that can charm the senses is sedulously cared for: beautiful gardens, hot-houses, conservatories, equipages for the eye, carefully selected music for the ear, games of various kinds—hockey, cricket, football, and billiards; most probably also by this time croquet has invaded their lawns, just as it has the most strictly guarded grass-plots in Oxford. The household work necessary for the well-being of the community is

performed in turn, and is just sufficient to give a keener zest to the enjoyment of pleasure. Outside the walls the estate is cultivated by trustworthy brethren, and is managed better than any other farm in Somersetshire. It supplies most of their wants. Young Gentiles are employed on it, who receive board, lodging, and education in return for their work, but no wages; and these afterwards make the very best domestic servants. The writer indeed can testify to the ability and sobriety of one who was brought up as coachman and gardener, and who afterwards left them. In most points indeed the Princites resemble the American Free Lovers, who are as remarkable for their good farming as their luxury.

From the year 1860 down to the present day, in consequence of several defections and lawsuits, they have been compelled to diminish their expenditure. From a carriage and four horses, they have been reduced to a pair, and the bloodhounds and outriders have disappeared. By the end of the present century they will probably become extinct, and the only record of their ever having existed will be their building at Charlinch, and their fragmentary literature in the British Museum. Perhaps also the legends now floating about the county concerning them, which have been carefully excluded from these pages, may still linger in a more mythical form. Their numbers are steadily decreasing, and for the last four years they have not made a single convert. The end, therefore, cannot be very far off.

In this history of the Princites, the ordinary view taken by society of Brother Prince is by no means borne out. His whole career is perfectly consistent with the principles from which he

started, and illustrates the great weakness of the school of thought to which he at first belonged. As a half-educated young man, he acquired a firm belief in the doctrine of predestination; next he grew into the conviction that he was the chosen vessel of God; then that he was visited by the Holy Ghost; then that the Holy Ghost was incarnate in him. At this stage he separated himself from the Calvinists, and announced himself the founder of a new dispensation. His next step was the inference that, because he was God incarnate, therefore he was ignorant of right and wrong; and lastly he announced himself as the sanctifier of the flesh. In all this there is a kind of logical sequence. Given the premisses, a belief that a man is predestinated, operating on a mind weakened by ill-health and on a strong imagination, the rest follows. The weakness of his body must have reacted on his mind. A fresh burst of religious enthusiasm follows every attack of illness recorded in his journal, but for that reason we are hardly entitled to consider him insane, unless we agree with Dr. Forbes Winslow, and view a large percentage of our fellow-men as lunatics. In a word, our estimate of his character is that he is a weak visionary, and stands out from the crowd of enthusiasts satirized by Burns, by his pursuing his principles a few steps farther. His doctrines can by no means be compared with the ravings of Swedenborg nor with the mania of Joanna Southcote and Mrs. Thwaites; nor can he be classed with Joe Smith, the ignorant founder of Mormonism. The logical development of his views separates him from all the other visionaries who have ever founded a sect.

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

GERTRUDE IS CALLED TO A STRANGE  
SICK-BED.

It was some days after this strange scene that Gertrude was lying quietly on the sofa in Lady Charlotte's drawing-room on a Sunday evening; reading extracts with Neil from an album lent to him by Mrs. Cregan.

"Mother, darling," the boy said with a smile, "this is just the book for you. Here's a whole batch of things about the Poor.

"Treatment of the Poor in Work-houses; Improvidence of the Poor; Texts recommending the Poor to our loving Care; Debts of the Poor, and Payment by instalments; Amusements of the Poor. Oh, I say, I like that,—*amusements of the poor!* Do they go to plays and pantomimes, I wonder? Oh, no,—here it is,—it's all about walks and fresh air, and opening of gardens and so forth. Here, here's rather an interesting bit; I'll read it to you, darling mother; you lie still. Is your shawl over your feet? Not too heavy? Good. Now then, here goes. It is somebody writing about opening the Botanical Garden in Edinburgh on Sundays, and he says:—

"I think that when the educated undertake, even "on principle," to curtail the innocent pleasures of the uneducated, they should consider whether the deprivation is the same to the two classes. I affirm that it is *not* the same. The educated man, the scholar, has perpetual gardens in his memory, in his books, in association of cultivated ideas. The uneducated or half-educated man depends on the positive, on the visual, for enjoyment; and in a still more intense

measure do the poor require the positive and visual. An educated scholar may pass a Sunday in his study easily, in meditation and prayer. A poor mechanic *cannot*. The other is richer than he. Not only richer in the fact that he has a warmer house, more adorned apartments, the power of ordering some vehicle if the weather be downpouring when he wishes to shift the scene,—but richer in *ideas*. The educated man condemns the uneducated man to a certain number of blank hours when he deprives him of outward associations. Set a child to meditate. A child *cannot* meditate, nor bear the oppression of unoccupied time beyond a very brief period. Neither can the poor man. His holiday is as necessary to his soul as a meal to his body. His hungry spirit lives on simple things. Your educated mind feeds on complex things, which he cannot obtain. Like the sick man,

"The common air, the earth, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise."

"It may be a fit occupation for *you* to sit through the day without such refreshment. You see the wonders of God in thought. Let him see them where God set them for His simpler creatures. The flowers that bud and die, holding a sermon in their very hearts,—the grass that withereth away like a man's life,—is the contemplation of such things a sinful pleasure, because to him a more intense and rare enjoyment than to you? When he beholds with wonder the pitcher-plant,—emblem of the fountain in an arid desert,—can you make *him* consider it a common thing, as it is to you who have seen it and read of it a hundred times? Or will seeing that wonder of God on his one leisure day make him less pious, less inclined to



muse on the works of God, the Creator, in such spare moments as he has?

"I repeat it, the educated and uneducated do not meet on even terms, in these denials of recreation.

"That which is pleasure to you, to them is nought—a strain of thought that only perplexes. You cannot fill the weak vessel with that spiritual wine; it would break and burst. God made religion simple; a thing for babes and sucklings; to comfort the dying cottager; to be a hope to the ignorant beggar. Man makes religion complex; and spins cobwebs of his own thin laws round the broad and manifest law of God. Those who take Scripture texts for warrant against innocent Sabbath recreation, are like those who take Scripture texts to prove that they know the set term and duration of this mortal globe. As, in the very book from whence prophecies are culled to prove at what date our world shall be destroyed, we are expressly told that God keeps that secret even from the angels,—so in the very book Sabbatarians quote, they are expressly told that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

"For those who would argue on the wretched narrow ground of mere task-work; who say, "Oh! we can't have gardens opened where watchers and gatekeepers must be employed," there is an answer so easy that it is a wonder so much dispute can be maintained on such a sandy foundation.

"Parks, gardens, lodges,—houses with gatekeepers, gardeners, porters, and servants,—are in constant occupation all over Great Britain on the Sabbath-day. If the poor man may not have his walk in the Botanical Garden because a gatekeeper must let him in,—why should a fine lady's coachman drive her to church, or for an airing? Why should any servant in any house be troubled with any common duty? Why should not the whole machinery of life stand still till Monday morning? If the answer be, "These other things are necessary; the poor man or mechanic's walks in these gardens are not,"—I say, neither are the things of which I made

mention, necessary; they are harmless, they are habitual, but they are *not* necessary. Some are positive luxuries; all bear an exact analogy to the recreation for which the occupying of a few gatekeepers is required.

"In the city of Edinburgh, where so fierce a denunciation against harmless Sabbath recreation is for ever going on; group after group of filthy drunken creatures lie lounging in the public way, to the scandal and dread of the passers-by,—even on and about flights of steps leading to chapels where their most eloquent and earnest preachers rivet the attention of more decent hearers.

"Such groups are never seen on continental Sabbaths; not even in Paris, that most dissolute of cities; and in the country towns and villages of foreign lands such scenes are positively unknown.

"These stricter Sabbath rules, and the vehement battle of sects as to how to keep God's day holy, do not make Scotland a moral country. Drunken in a greater measure than other countries,—fierce in crime,—she can scarcely point to the evidence of her training, as proof of the success of her theories; and, peradventure, it would be a blessed change there if, in lieu of Sabbatarian discussion, there was such Sabbath recreation as might lead the mind of man neither to sensual pleasure nor to burning disputation, but to those scenes which lift him

"From nature up to nature's God."

"Well, now, I think that is all very true," observed Neil, as he paused to take breath. "Don't you think it is true, darling mother?"

"Yes, I do, Neil. I think it true and just, and I heartily wish it would become the universal opinion!"

"Ah! yes, but are there such pig-headed people in the world? People whose understandings really seem to be turned upside down. Lady Clochnaben, mother, is an upside down woman. She is always wrong, and always thinks she is right. It is a pity we can't pack a few moderate sensible

thoughts on the top of her mind, and then ticked her 'this side uppermost.' But she will never be converted."

Neil paused a moment, and then added, with a slight degree of hesitation:—

"I think a woman should be very kind and gentle. I don't know what would become of the poor at Clochnaben and Torrieburn if it were not for Effie and Mrs. Ross Heaton. They can't give much money, you know, but Effie reads, and Mrs. Ross Heaton makes capital broth for them, and altogether they are very good to them. And, mother, do you know I overheard Mrs. Cregan speaking of *you* yesterday to Lorimer Boyd, when he called after arriving in London from Vienna. She said she thought you looked ill; but you were still busy, and she believed a special blessing from God would rest on your head, because of your unwearied goodness to the poor."

A slight flush tinged Gertrude's cheek and brow.

"My boy, Mrs. Cregan is a very generous warm-hearted woman; and she says many kind things of me and others."

"But don't you believe it, mother? Don't you believe in the special blessing? I do. They thought I was not attending, but I heard her. Those were her very words. I do think, when your dear name is mentioned, I sprout a couple of extra ears; I seem to have four instead of two. I can hear all down a long dinner-table if they speak of you. And I feel so proud of you, mother; I know you so good, so far beyond all other women. I feel I could thank God every day for making me your son and my father's."

A moan escaped the pale lips he bent to kiss; and that wild appeal—"Oh! my Neil!" which Lady Charlotte had complained was spoken "in a tone that made one's heart ache," and was "so unreasonable, and so unlike dear Gertie," once more puzzled and pained the sensitive lad by her side.

He was silent for a minute or two. He asked for no explanation; but

bent anew over his book. A smile played presently round his full young mouth. "Oh, mother, here is such a quaint little bit. I must read it to you. Listen now. I don't know what it is about, except that it is still something respecting the poor. It is quoted from some very old pamphlet called the 'Petition of the Poor Starving Debtor,' printed in 1691, and advising that we should subscribe to pay the debts of the poor. And it says, 'Such charity is an act of great piety towards Almighty God; who requireth it of us. For He hath left the poor as His pupils, or wards, and the rich as His stewards, or guardians, to provide for them. It is one of those great tributes that He justly requires from the rest of mankind, which, because they cannot pay to Him, He hath scattered the Poor amongst them to be His substitutes and receivers.'

"And here's a little bit against pride; a curious little bit; saying, 'That in Charles the First's time, noblemen and gentlemen thought it a very good provision for their younger sons, to bind them apprentice to rich merchants.'

"Well, I can't say I should like to be taking an inventory of bales of silk and sacks of coffee instead of shooting and fishing at Glenrossie. I think if I had lived in that mercantile day I should have taken my cat, like Whittington, and gone to seek my fortune."

"It was the cat that went; Whittington stayed in London," said Gertrude, smiling; "so you would have had to be patient and industrious before you even came to be Lord Mayor; which seems to have been then considered what the present population of Paris deem it now: the greatest dignity in the world."

"Well, I trust I should have attained it; and Effie and I would have come to visit you in long crimson and blue robes as represented in the story books. Poor Effie! I hope a letter will come tomorrow. Cousin Kenneth was scarcely so well when she last wrote."

Gertrude sighed, and leaned back on her pillow. Thought, which is lightning

quick, once more took her through those days in the Villa Mandrillo, and the more fatal scenes at Glenrossie, and so floated her soul away to her lost Douglas; and his health; and the singing of that unknown,—whose voice “was one of the sweetest he had ever heard.”

Neil, too, sat musing. His boyish spirit was out far away over the hills, in the moonlight, bidding weary little Cousin Effie a sorrowful good-bye.

So there was deep silence in that luxurious room, where the clear boyish voice with its earnest intonation had been lately reading those extracts respecting the poor. Silence deep and unbroken.

All of a sudden the door was hurriedly opened, and Lady Charlotte, with an open note in her hand, and an expression of anxiety and perplexity on her weak little face, came in exclaiming—“Now I do hope and insist, Gertie, that you spare yourself, and don’t go!”

“Don’t go where, little mother?”

“It is a letter from that widow, the mother of Jamie Carmichael who used to be at Torrieburn, you know, that poor Mr. Heaton was so good to—”

“Yes, dear mother: she has had to struggle for a livelihood lately. I have seen a good deal of her. She is doing better. Jamie’s apprenticed; and she takes in lodgers in an humble way.”

“That’s just it, Gertie, that’s just what’s so ungrateful. I mean after you have helped her, and put her in a way of having lodgers, to send for you in this sort of way to see one of them! Why should you see a lodger? I want you to rest, and take care of yourself, and she sends urgently requesting you to see lodgers! Pray don’t see a lodger. Let her send for the doctor. That’s much better.”

“Let me see her note, dear mother,” said Gertrude, with a smile, half weary and half compassionate. “If any one is ill, I ought to go—it is in my district.”

“District! Now, my own darling Gertie, are you a clergyman? Besides, a lodger does not belong to any district; and you see she says he is

*strangely ill*; well, is not that more the doctor’s business than yours? If he’s *strangely ill*, you may not know what to do, or what is the matter with him, a bit better than she does; and it may be something catching. And it’s a man. I wouldn’t mind so much if it were a woman; but really, after the Isle of Wight—though to be sure there are not so many smugglers in London, only I think—oh, Gertie, *don’t go!*” exclaimed Lady Charlotte, getting quite entangled in the network of her own rapid sentences, and suddenly breaking off, “Don’t, *pray don’t!*”

But Gertrude had risen from her sofa, and stood folding the note in her fingers, and looking very grave and resolute. She stooped and kissed her mother’s cheek tenderly, and said, “Do not be over-anxious for me, my mother. If it were God’s will that I should suffer for doing His work, I should not escape by neglecting it. I solemnly promised—(and I am only one of many who visit in the same way)—that I would come, when called, to the sick or dying. The person lodging with Betty Carmichael appears to be dying, and dying very miserably and uncomfortably; he has told her he has not a friend in the world. I must go to him. When the doctor comes I shall return. Do not fear for me more to-day than any other day.”

“You look more weary to-day—worse than ever,” said poor Lady Charlotte, with half a sob.

“I was a good deal agitated talking over matters with Lorimer Boyd, you know; I had not seen him for a very long time. But I have been lying down, and am quite rested and strong again. Neil has been reading to me.”

“Ah! I am sure *he* doesn’t think you ought to risk your health in the way you do!”

The boy looked eagerly up from his book, as if he had not caught the drift of the reference made to him. His mother smiled.

“Neil, on the contrary, has got a beautiful creed from Mrs. Cregan, that a special blessing rests on me during these visits.”

Neil started to his feet, and threw his eager arms round her.

"I do believe it; I do believe God keeps special blessings for those who are like you. You always seem to me like one of the beautiful pale saints in pictures, and what you think right to do, seems to me the only right. God bless your visit and you, dear mother. May I come?"

"No, my Neil; but I will not be long away."

Not long? It seemed to Lady Charlotte an interminable visit; and her prophecy of evil was apparently fulfilled to the letter, when a hurried pencilled note came from her daughter, saying that the person she had visited was said to have a bad sort of fever, and she thought best, for Neil's sake, not to return home at all, till the medical man had made out what ailed him.

More, Gertrude did not tell that weak but loving mother. For what there was to tell besides, would have driven her half-distracted with pain and terror!

When Lady Ross reached the obscure lodging where Betty Carmichael earned her scanty livelihood, she found the poor old Scotchwoman in a panic scarcely to be described. She led her,—thanking her at every step,—up the little creaking staircase into the small clean room. There, stretched on a bed, panting, with swollen features, his head so closely shaved as to be entirely bald, and a long auburn wig, dank and soaked with water, on the pillow by him,—lay 'the lodger' whom she had been called to see. He had fallen in the river, Mrs. Carmichael said, and all his things were wet; and she had not known he wore a wig till it slipped off; and she had left it there, not daring to touch anything: afraid of the man.

"Do you feel very ill? Do you wish any one sent for, who would know you? Have you no friends with whom I can communicate? Medical assistance will be here directly."

So spoke the sweet grave voice; and the sweet serious eyes waited to see the wretched being turn and answer, if indeed he was sensible.

In a moment he turned with a struggle, grasping the bed-clothes with his hand; sat upright in bed, and looked wildly in Gertrude's face.

His aspect was inconceivably horrible. A sort of purple pallor overspread his skin; his bald head gave yet darker expression to his great lustrous eyes; his mouth was swollen and half open; he had the expression of one who strives with a frightful dream. She had seen him before; but where?

Gertrude gazed, wondering; she endeavoured to command herself, but nature was too strong; she suddenly gave a wild shriek, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't leave me! don't abandon me! have pity!" gasped the man, clutching now at her dress. "Something ails me more than common—some horrible stroke of death. Don't leave me, and I'll make you bless the hour—don't!"

Gertrude slowly uncovered her face.

"Fear nothing from me," she said; "I will neither leave you, nor betray you. I know you. You are JAMES FRERE!"

A groan was the only answer; but there was a look of wild appeal in his eyes, such as the hunted stag at bay gives when the dogs have fastened their fangs in his side.

"I won't leave you till the doctor comes," repeated Gertrude; "and I will return early to-morrow."

"I may not be here to-morrow; stay by me now. I have something to tell you before death chokes my life out."

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### HUNTED DOWN AT LAST!

THAT eventful Sunday evening happened to be one (among many such) which the Dowager Clochnaben devoted to contradicting her son Lorimer. She had not had a favourable opportunity of contradicting him for a considerable period. He had been away at Vienna; and it is difficult to carry on arguments by letter if your correspondent obstinately omits all answer to the topics in dispute.

A Clochnaben "dictum" that "Heaven

would probably visit the capital of Austria with fiery vials of wrath" on account of Strauss's waltzes being performed by military bands in the gardens there "on the Lord's-day," had always been passed over by him in his replies *sub silentio*, to her very great indignation, and she now recovered her opportunity for its discussion.

The occasion seemed certainly hard upon Lorimer, as the match which lit the gunpowder of her stored-away and slumbering wrath was a *cadeau* offered by himself; an almanac enamelled and encrusted with turquoise and garnets, in that style of Viennese workmanship in which the sinful admirers of Strauss and of military music so greatly excel.

"Humph!" said the Dowager, as she grimly planted the almanac on the chimney-piece, "I see they mark the Sunday (in their absurd foreign lingo) in the list of days, just as if they kept it."

"Well, they do keep it, in their own way."

"Yes, so you told me, and a pretty way too; banging drums, and playing on fifes, and trombones, and ophicleides in the ears of all passers-by, and encouraging folk that ought to be hearing something very different to dawdle up and down listening to their heathen clatter."

"My dear mother, I'm sure I wish, if it could be more agreeable to you, that they played on shawms and trumpets and timbrels—whatever timbrels may be."

"That's right, Lorimer, make a simple jest of it! Little *you* care for the desecration of the Lord's-day. I believe you actually prefer your wicked continental Sabbaths to the decent Sabbaths of Scotland, which you were taught to reverence as long as I nurtured you in the way of the Lord."

"Well, I confess I feel very much weaned from that nurture, my dear mother. And, having seen Sabbaths now in Lisbon, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Naples, Marseilles, Milan, and a number of other towns, I must say, for their wicked inhabitants, that in no single instance, either among a rough mercan-

tile or a luxurious and idle aristocracy, have I ever witnessed anything approaching, in the remotest degree, to the indecent desecration undergone by that memorial day in your paradise of Sabbatarians, my native Scotland."

"Those that won't look certainly can't be expected to *see*," retorted the Dowager, with a sniff of indignation; "and it's my belief you'd say you saw nothing wrong if a fair or a cattle-show were held on the Sabbath-day, and a ball given in the evening."

"You are mistaken, my dear mother. But I am not about to enter into 'the vexed Bermoothes' of that whirlpool of argument as to how much, or how little, relaxation and recreation are permissible on Sundays. The Dervishes of the East believe they best pay respect to their Deity by the monotonous exercise of twirling round on one toe, or hanging on by their elbows to a suspended staff, like flying foxes and sleeping bats, or by the yet more passive service of letting their nails grow to a portentous length; and the Dervishes of the North may have their own notions of the extent of monotony agreeable to the Great Creator of infinite variety; to the God who sends millions on millions of men hourly into the world, and no two men so alike in understanding, aspect, voice, or bearing, but that their fellow-creatures shall know them apart, and acknowledge a distinction and difference between them. I merely persist that the 'continental Sabbath,' as you call it, is much more decently and inoffensively kept than the Scottish Sabbath."

"The Scottish Sabbath is much obliged to you, I'm sure!"

"Well, you know, my dear mother, you yourself complain of the drunkenness, the vice, the pleasure-orgies, that go on even in your own neighbourhood there. Now I recommend you to make a little continental tour; and in the leisurely hours you may spend in a Viennese or Italian promenade, consider these alternative propositions. Either the Scotch are so innately and incorrigibly corrupt that no amount of teaching and preaching can bring them to

spend their time decently on that particular day, or there is something radically wrong in the coercive rules you would lay down for their spending it. I am of the latter opinion."

"Of course you are. We should spend our time in listening to drums and fiddles and chattering balderdash, instead of going to church, I suppose?"

"No; but, in my opinion, it is the lack of any innocent and wholesome occupation or recreation that gives over the clay tenement which holds a soul to the devil. 'He findeth it swept and garnished,' and steps nimbly in, with the minor devils of sensuality and drunkenness at his heels. The continental Sabbath is a day of prayer at intervals, from the early sunrise of matins to the taper-lit evening mass. But it is also a day of recreation; a day of enjoyment in the open air; a day when men and women are not expected to shut eyes and ears to all but a nasal monotone of appeal or thanksgiving for blessings apparently granted entirely in vain. And now let us have no more of this, for I must go out, and leave you and the Austrian almanac to settle the matter between you. I promised to call on Lady Charlotte Skifton."

"And that Sabbath saint, Lady Ross, I presume?"

"And on Lady Ross," answered Lorimer, in his sternest tone.

"Well, then, you'll find neither," retorted the Dowager, with a certain degree of triumph, "for I've just had a note from Lady Charlotte, and she'll be here directly,—ready to whimper, I suppose, as usual—with the boy Neil, who says you promised him a dog on your return. As to his mother, she has wisely gone to see some beggar in a fever, and daren't come back till she's consulted a doctor about infection. I suppose you think *that* a fit employment for the Sabbath-day?"

"Yes, I do; a very fit employment. 'Whether is it better to do good or to do evil on the Sabbath-day?'—I lay no claim to originality in that last sentence," and a "grim smile" curled round Lorimer Boyd's mouth.

"Oh! of course *you* approve. When people lose their characters, it's a fine flourish to set up going about doing good."

Lorimer's small stock of patience vanished in exasperation.

"If," said he, bitterly, "she had joined that peculiar regiment of effete pleasure-seekers who deem themselves enrolled as God's own dandies, with the Rhodopes, Messalinas, and Lesbians who are the *vivandières* of their religious camp, and who, as soon as enlisted, think themselves better able to teach and preach than all the regular clergy of Great Britain,—you might say so, mother. But, so far as I have known, Gertrude Ross has done good without seeking the reward of human approval; without setting herself up as judge or instructress; or copying those wonderful Christian professors who are so struck and amazed at their own late conversion that they must needs pass it round like the bottle after dinner, ignorant, or incredulous, of the patent fact, that long before they ever read a line of Scripture, the persons they appeal to were already walking with God to the best of their ability."

"You needn't be so violent," sneered his mother. "We all know you can't endure a word that doesn't worship Lady Ross."

"I can't endure hypocrisy, wherever I find it, either in man or woman. I hate to see persons who are unfit to teach, teaching. I hate to see men who have led base lives *kotoed* to, and listened to, perhaps publicly thanked, when they ought to be degraded and forgotten; I hate to watch the vain struggle of the innocent to be justified; or the successful effort of the deceiver to be set on high. I consider such reversal of God's clear justice to be the true translation of 'taking His name in vain.' I hate——" But what more Lorimer meant to denounce—while his mother angrily watched his fierce, intellectual countenance, ready with a keenly-sharpened answer, as soon as his voice should pause—cannot be known; for at this juncture in came Lady Charlotte,



"ready to whimper," as prophesied by her scornful relative, and Neil, who threw back his eager head in Lorimer's warm embrace, and said laughingly,—

"I'm come with Mamma Charlotte out of avarice and self-interest. Where's my dog?"

"Here," said Lorimer, with a smile so sweet and kindly that it scarcely seemed the face of the same man who had just been speaking. "Here! and a smart little fellow he is, with your name as owner already engraved on his collar. You must train him to English, for he is only used to German: and don't begin by delivering him over to some groom to clip his ears and tail, as if, among other improvements of the works of creation, God didn't know how to make a terrier. And now where is your dear mother?"

Neil lifted his rosy mouth from the passionate kiss of welcome he was imprinting on the terrier's forehead, and said, "She's gone to see a poor man who is ill."

"But where is the poor man?"

"At—here's the address," and Neil dived into his pocket, and pulled out with sundry other small articles a somewhat battered little memorandum-book, which he presented to Lorimer with one hand, still caressing the dog with the other.

Lorimer took his hat.

"Where are you going now?" said Lady Clochnaben. "Lady Ross is not returned."

"I'm going to break the Lord's-day by looking after that beggar," said her son, as he closed the door and disappeared.

A thrill of something as like alarm and concern as her nature permitted ran through the iron bosom of the grim Dowager. She had been listening to Lady Charlotte's querulous terrors during the presentation of the dog to his young master, and felt the truth of her "whimpering" cousin's observation that "It *must* be something very particularly dreadful, or Gertie would not stay the night away from home."

"Run after him," she said to Neil,—

NO. 96.—VOL. XVI.

"but no; it is of no use asking him to stay for *my* behest. Fair faces are the devil's best tools. And your daughter's one of them," added she, turning suddenly and with exceeding fierceness to poor Lady Charlotte; whose whimpering thereupon broke into sobs.

While they argued, Lorimer stalked forth, and, taking the first cab he could meet with, drove rapidly to the obscure lodgings of the old Scotchwoman.

Many and many a year afterwards he still saw vividly, as he saw it then, the scene which presented itself to his eyes.

There was more light in the small room than ever had lit the humble apartment before, each of the hurried visitors having merely set down the candle furnished to them. The doctor was there, and Gertrude, and that Creole wife, unknown by sight to Lorimer, the terrified old Scotchwoman, and the "neighbour" who had done the office of a servant in attending to the household, and who, now following Lorimer with another light, had left that and the room door alike open.

That he came during the last gasp of a horrible death-scene, was Lorimer's instant impression. Gertrude was kneeling by the blind-looking, purple-bloated object, stretched panting on the bed. The Creole was standing near her, weeping, her face hid in her hands. The doctor and those others present, all gazing with fixed and yet shrinking scrutiny on the dying man; the light falling full upon him and them, though flickering, torch-like, in the draught of air from the staircase.

As Lorimer moved with an exclamation of painful anxiety towards Gertrude, another group appeared at the gaping doorway.

AILIE was there, with two policemen!

Her little hands were lifted and clenched in front of her slender person, like two little claws ready to pounce. There was no more escape for James Frere. The thirst of vengeance could now be quenched by a long satisfying

draught. He was hunted down at last!

She stood for a moment as if scarcely understanding the reality of what was passing; those little feline hands still suspended in their odd attitude of seizure, with her eyes glitteringly fixed on the Creole.

"Take him!" at last she said, in a sharp, short whisper. "Take him!" and she turned her head to the men behind her.

Lorimer Boyd, roused by the words and the movement, looked up, looked towards her, while the group round the bed remained absorbed in the agony before them.

"Wretched woman," said he, "the man is *dead* whom you have trapped and taken!"

DEAD!

James Frere had escaped her after all.

As Ailie turned and fled, with a hoarse cry, from the death-chamber, Gertrude rose slowly to her feet, and looked round as in a trance. A wild, unnatural, ecstatic smile was on her face. It changed a little; a certain degree of consciousness was in it, as she espied Lorimer.

She moved towards him with an effort, like one who walks in sleep.

"Look!" she said, in an odd whisper, as strange as her countenance, "look!" and she held up a roll of battered and crushed papers, gravel-stained and torn.

The picture of Gertrude standing thus, in the wavering light that beat to and fro, as if it had something of the triumph of life in it, never left Lorimer's memory, nor the strange effect of the same flickering and moving radiance passing over the deathly stillness of the bed, over the dark-shadowed eyes of the dead man—his bald discoloured shaven skull, and his thin knuckles clenched outside the sheets, with their deep-indented scar more visible than ever on that white background.

He seized Gertrude's hands with a trembling grasp. "Come away; oh! come away from this place," he said.

"You should all go—go immediately," said the doctor, as he gently and pityingly touched the sobbing Creole's shoulder. "This man has died of the worst species of typhus; the 'black fever' of the books. Leave the window wide open, and go, all of you, go! It is the strangest case I ever assisted at."

In a minute or two more, all was hushed and darkened there; and the corpse of James Frere was left alone.

Lorimer led Gertrude forth. She neither wept, nor fainted, nor trembled,—but once, when in his agony of anxiety he pressed her hands tightly in his own, she murmured—"Oh! I hope I shall not wake, and find it all a dream!"

Then, by degrees, the state of stupefaction seemed to melt away; she looked round at the room in the hotel where he was staying, into which he had brought her—thanked him—said "it was right not to take her to Neil,"—and in the effort to conclude the sentence, "It would be such bad news for Douglas if our boy were ill,"—the dark clouds of oppressive thought clashed together, and a shower of tears at once relieved and exhausted her!

Lorimer never spoke. He sat silently by, his arms folded tight across his broad chest, as if in resolute effort to avoid any ill-judged impulse to console or check that convulsive fit of weeping.

She was the first to speak. She stretched her hand across, and laid it gently on his arm.

"I have got *THAT LETTER!*" she said, with white trembling lips. "I have recovered the letters they stole from me, to persuade Douglas I was false." Then she told him all; as she herself had learnt it from the wretched being whose strange and erring life had just ended. He had admitted every particular that Lorimer had already heard respecting his career to be true. He claimed to be Clochnaben's son when a young man carrying on a most dissipated career at college. Not that he had ever seen him as a child, or knew it till his mother's death, who had then assured him of it, and put

into his hands Clochnaben's letters in those early days, full of protestations of everlasting attachment, and proving that her sole means of subsistence was an income received from her seducer. Unaware of the sort of man with whom he had to deal, and not yet experienced in the world, he had rashly brought these letters and proofs to Clochnaben himself, with an appeal for support and fatherly protection. Clochnaben gave him fair words and specious promises, affected to be much touched at republishing his own old love-letters,—got them into his possession by giving Frere a sum of money in exchange; and from the hour he had so deprived him of all means of corroborating the scandal,—as he termed it,—of his connexion with Frere's mother, utterly denied that any such intimacy had ever existed; and declared it was the invention of the young adventurer, whose career he nevertheless at first attempted to arrange, by getting him foreign mercantile employment, and so getting rid of him.

It was years since he had received assistance from Richard Clochnaben, when he presented himself with the false and specious tale Gertrude might remember, at Clochnaben Castle. He had then escaped from gaol instead of a Roman Catholic seminary. Nothing was true except his privations, which had been very real. He brought with him two or three letters supposed to have been found among his mother's things after the major portion of the correspondence had been bought by Clochnaben. The latter instantly taxed him with the forgery; pointed out that he had not been at that time in England, or at any place from which they were dated, and declared that on the smallest further attempt to establish such relations between him and Frere, he would himself deliver him up to justice, "and see him swing with satisfaction." That notwithstanding this declaration, and the rage he had shown at the odd accident of invitations to supersede Heaton, which had made Frere an inmate under the same roof, he had supplied him with

a sum of money to facilitate his escape at the time the detective had come to Glenrossie, taking a dreadful oath never to repeat such assistance if he dared to return to Great Britain.

He had never since received one farthing of help, and had continued to "live by his wits," having drained every sixpence he could from the infatuated Alice Ross.

"Hunted down at last" by that unexpected avenger, he had sought in vain an obscure asylum in disguise of a travelling artist. Afraid of the police, who came suddenly upon him in a tavern while consulting with one of his former felon companions, whom they were seeking, he had made one of his narrowest escapes by threading unusual streets and bye-lanes, and coming out at last on a narrow canal that ran by the Regent's Park. There he hastily hailed a barge that was slowly making its way past him, and giving a couple of shillings to the man in charge, asked for a passage, saying that he had been walking all the morning, and was footsore and fatigued. He lay down under shelter of some tarpaulin, and felt nearly suffocated by the strange and disagreeable odour of the cargo in the barge. He sat up and looked into the water, which appeared to him dazzling with beautiful colours; he became perfectly giddy and insensible, and, on attempting to stand up, lost his balance, and fell over the unprotected ledge of the barge into the canal. He was assisted out, put into a cab, and was quite sensible enough, after the immersion, to give his address, and not sorry to have an excuse in his landlady's eyes for remaining in bed and in hiding. The dreadful smell, however, haunted him, and he was unable to eat anything either that day or the next. His eyes then became affected; small bladders of blood seemed to fill and weigh down the lids, and within a very brief period from the sending for Lady Ross, whom he recognised, he became blind, and the eyes presented a most dreadful appearance—bloodshot, blank, and staring. He told Gertrude he was certain he was dying

from the inhalation of poisonous vapours on the barge; that his blindness was a judgment on him; confessed all, and referred her for a portfolio of papers to the Creole, whose address he gave. She had listened at first incredulously to Gertrude's story, and seemed to think it some new attempt to entrap him, but at length proposed to accompany Lady Ross, carrying the portfolio with her. From the mass of papers, drawings, plans which he had feared to take when he fled from the vicinity of Manchester Square, he gave a packet, in which was the letter to Kenneth in the condition in which it had been formerly found. He said that more than once lately he had considered whether he would not propose to *sell* it to Lorimer Boyd, or to Lady Ross herself, but was deterred by the fear of being given into custody; and that he was still casting about who he could employ to transact that business, when he was stricken by his strange malady. By the time his broken confession was over, and the doctor's examination made, he was insensible and dying, his body covered with suffused spots, his eyes a blank, jelly-like mass.

The doctor had been of opinion that he died, as he had said, from inhaling poison, and that the poison was refuse matter from some gasworks on the banks of the canal.

He did not anticipate any fatal effects to those who had assisted the man in his horrible illness, as it arose from such peculiar causes; but they should be careful for some days.

And so ended Gertrude's agitated narration, and at the close she lifted her weary, hopeful, lovely eyes to Lorimer, questioning both by words and looks how to get all this disclosed to Sir Douglas.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### INVALIDED HOME.

THEN Lorimer had to make an avowal on his part, of being in possession of news painfully interesting to Gertrude. Sir Douglas was ill: very ill: any very

sudden agitation might be fatal to him: he was in fact invalided home; and Lorimer had already resolved to go out to him, and had written to try and secure the services of Giuseppe, as an excellent sick nurse and attendant, and who on his return might be of use to Kenneth, of whose bodily condition late accounts had been unfavourable. Gertrude must put her patient trust in God as hitherto, and believe, as Lorimer believed, that she would receive her reward, even in this world, for all the faithful uncomplaining tenderness with which she had borne her hard lot as respected her husband.

So Lorimer departed: and, after her few days' anxious quarantine, Gertrude dwelt once more with her mother and her beloved Neil, and waited news from the Crimea.

Is it forgotten? Is it faded to a sad dream, except with those who actually took part in it, that war waged with disaster as much as with the armed foe? That war in which, to the eternal glory of English courage, the heroism and endurance were proved equal to the heroism of action; and boys, and men, and aged warriors alike showed their willingness not only to die fighting for their country, but to die miserably, tediously, obscurely, for their country, —without either murmur or appeal. When beardless boys taken from luxurious homes, served in the trenches and camped in wreaths of snow, and bore the awful change with eager gallantry; till mothers made childless knew when the tidings reached them, that those they had so fondly cradled and so tenderly reared had perished, *killed*, —but not *conquered*, —by the hardships of that war.

Are the names *but* names now, of strange far-away places known to us only by maps and sketches, where the best blood of England reddened the streams, or sank in the alien earth? Are they vanished like the thirst that was quenched in the Bulganac river, after that burning and weary march, prelude to the war of the morrow: when men stood gazing on the rugged and pre-

cipitous heights that crowned its banks, and on the roots of willows mowed down in a bitter harvest to prevent shelter or concealment of a foe, while three hundred yards of fire blazed in the distance from the quiet village of Bouliohi?

Is Alma but a vague melodious sound? where fording that unknown river, and marching straight into batteries held to be impregnable, we drove out the five-and-forty thousand men before the sun marked three hours of time for the struggle? Do men shudder still at the tale of ever-memorable Balaklava, when circled by a blaze of artillery, front, flank, and rear, the gallant horsemen rode to death at the word of a mistaken command, and left two-thirds of their number on the ground? The dull November mists of morning, in our safe English homes, never bring to musing fancy the fogs of that miserable anxious dawn at Inkermann, when those who had worked in the trenches all night were suddenly called forth from their comfortless rest in tents and on the bare ground, to charge against that overwhelming and barbaric foe, who mutilated the dead to avenge the bravery of the living?

Are our dreaming ears never haunted on safe home-pillows, by floating watchwords through the night, of the brief sad sentences spoken by dying lips, whose farewells were given so far away? "Forward, 23d!" shouted one young voice. "Stand firm, for the honour of England and the credit of the Rifles. Firm, my men!" cried another. "Come on, 63d," says their leader. "I will fight to the last!" is panted from the breast of the overpowered swordsman called upon to surrender. "I do not move till the battle is won!" exclaims the crippled hero who lay bleeding before Sebastopol amongst guns still directed by him against the enemy.

Do we think, as our daily post comes happily in, or as we ourselves carelessly sit down at our writing-tables for an uneventful correspondence, of that charnel-house at Varna, and all the "last messages" written by deputy for poor

soldiers at Scutari, and on board the swarming troopships, and in the miserable hospitals denuded of stores or fit appliance for the wounded. Do the stray scattered sentences return recorded, among a thousand others; when one writes, "Praying my mother will not feel the misfortune of my death too much;" and another, "Write to my father, he will break this to my wife;" and some still wrote the triumphant date, "Written on the field we have taken from the enemy!"

And are we mourning yet for other deaths? The deaths of those who came back to native land, and pleasant homes, whose faces were once more dwelt on by loving, tender eyes, whose hands were once more clasped by loving hands, but who were so worn and shaken by the past tempest of that wintry war, that, like nipped trees, they stood for a little while, and then succumbed and fell? Those who have not survived to wear the laurel in future wars, but who rest under the "cypress and yew!"—sorrowful trees of their own green land—soldiers who died in our time of peace, when "the bitterness of death" seemed ended, and have left a blank in many a home that never shall be filled.

Do we ever see, as we cross, on a sunny day, from the gardens opposite Queen Victoria's palace and the Horse Guards, a vision of the crowded Park on that thrilling day when such of her wounded heroes as had returned, passing before her in their lines,—receiving a medal and a word—for the life that was risked, and the health or the limb for ever lost, and loyally saluting, amid the cheers of the crowd, the Ruler of the country in whose service they had bled?

Events follow events in this busy world of ours, as wave follows wave on the wide and restless sea,—too happy if they do not pass like those waves, leaving only, here and there, a narrow heap of weed thrown up on the shore, where the landmarks of history stand.

How much is remembered, and how much forgotten; how many are rewarded, and how many suffered to float

away into oblivion and neglect,—is best known to those who should receive—and those who could bestow—the prizes that glitter in the eyes of the lovers of glory; and the approval which should be the recompense of those who would fight and suffer, if only for duty and conscience' sake.

Sir Douglas was not among those who could claim reward for action. He had served his country well in many a past campaign, but the dreary days had come to him, as to many another gallant heart, when he was compelled to own that the body could no longer obey the soul's behest any more than the soldier, bleeding, fainting to death on the battle-field, can rise to the sound of the bugle-call and march with his comrades to victory.

In bed, or in a blanket on the ground in his tent; on board a crowded steamer borne to an hotel at Pera; looking forward at one time only to a grave at Scutari; rallying a little, and struggling so far with sickness as again to engage with the enemy, only again to be disabled, not by wounds, but by sickness; depressed, worn out, exhausted, and miserable at the helplessness consequent on this condition, he had at last to surrender to the force of circumstances, and confess himself a dying invalid.

His letter to Lorimer was the letter of a broken-hearted man; and he proved his consciousness of that fact by the closing words of his letter: "I am not the only officer of command here who am dying, not of the privations of the camp, or the wounds received in battle, but of a broken heart."

And Lorimer knew that only the extreme of fading and failing weakness would have wrung that sentence from his friend and comrade, dear to him from boyhood till the present hour.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### PEACE IN GLENROSSIE.

THE summer days wore on. Sir Douglas had embarked, and was on his way home! So much at least was known to Gertrude's restless heart. That

strange and dreadful life, so busy round him, of alternate wet and cold and heat; of toil to procure water or proper food; of roads impassable, and insufficient clothing; of wounds and cholera and exhaustion; of trenches and pickets; of overloaded troopships, and miserable moving of dying men on mules and rough contrivances of planks; decimated companies, and needless sacrifice by neglect and mismanagement of lives that might have been spared—all that was over! But the mortification of inaction, and the private sorrow of heart: these things remained, ever present with him; and at first his state of debility was such, that the faithful friend who had joined and now accompanied him daily expected the bitter task of writing home to say that "all was ended," and that the gallant spirit had passed away from all earthly struggles to the long peace of death.

A better fate was in store for him. As they neared England, his health improved; and when at length Lorimer Boyd announced their landing at Folkestone, he was also able to add that he hoped, before leaving that port, to break to him all that had occurred since the day that Gertrude had been called to Frere's strange and dreadful sick-bed, and in obeying that call had indeed gained the "special blessing" which her young son believed would descend on her head!

Once again he wrote from the hotel at Folkestone. Sir Douglas had such an access of despondency on finding himself once more in that saddened England which he had quitted under such grievous circumstances, that he had been confined to his room with low fever. Lorimer owned that at last he risked the shock of a more abrupt communication than he had originally intended, "lest our Douglas should die, and never know the truth on this side the grave!"

All had now been told him; the papers given by Gertrude were in his possession, and had been read and re-read with many a bitter groan of vehement self-reproach. He sought no excuse in the chain of circumstances



that had led him to deem her false, whose truth had been so clearly proved : though he spoke sorrowfully of the constant concealment of facts which, clearly explained and understood, would have seemed harmless and innocent as they were in reality. He spoke also of the suffering he had endured at times from flashes of torturing doubt, repelled with all the strength of his heart but recurring at wretched intervals, as on the day when he heard Kenneth so passionately speaking with Gertrude in the morning room, and found her agitated beyond what a common sympathy in his supposed domestic troubles could reasonably justify. And lastly, he revealed to Lorimer—with injunctions never while he lived to breathe that secret to mortal ear—the events of that fearful morning when Kenneth, delirious from drunken excess, had attempted his uncle's life, accompanying that murderous assault with the wild speech :—“ Part from her yourself ; part from her for ever ! And be sure if I do not marry your widow, no other man shall ! ”

The narrow escape from death which the unsteadiness of the drunkard's aim had then permitted ; the pain and misery of mind Sir Douglas had undergone, sitting with his bandaged hand throbbing with pain, listening to the treacherous tale of Alice Ross, and reading, as he thought—as any one would have thought—the certain, incontrovertible proofs that Gertrude was on the eve of a sinful yielding to the passion so wildly and daringly expressed for her, not only to herself, but to her husband ; the pining for her, the haunting of all memories of her, in spite of these convictions ; the yearning for death on the battle-field, and the slow, ignoble, sickly, wasting away of life that came instead ; the agony of perplexity caused by Neil's innocent, boyish letters about his mother, and Kenneth, and his young cousin Effie ; the longing he had had to countermand his own strict and solemn injunctions to Lorimer, and entreat for news of Gertrude, of home, of the treasures he had lost and abjured in vain ;—all this did Sir Douglas acknowledge with an

outpouring of the heart that left no thought unknown to the faithful friend who now soothed, and nursed, and consoled him with assurances of the patient love and lingering hope that had upborne his innocent wife through all the bitter misunderstanding that had parted them.

“ I knew this happier day would come,” Lorimer wrote to her. “ I was a true prophet of good ; and I think in the depths of your heart you also looked for it sooner or later. Now let me beseech you to try and be as calm and well as possible, and expect Douglas back at Glenrossie with what haste I can permit him to make, being, as I am at present, a combination of sick-nurse and commander-in-chief.

“ You must expect to see him altered, dear Gertrude ; he is *very much* altered : very much more deserving of that title of ‘ Old Sir Douglas,’ which it once so surprised you he should have obtained. But happiness is a great restorer, and I trust you have both many, many years of such happiness in store.—Yours ever, LORIMER.”

The very sentence thus worded to reassure Gertrude filled her with that trembling anxiety which comes to those who love, like an extra sense.

If he should yet be taken from her ! If he should die before he could reach Glenrossie ! If she herself should fail, and faint, and perish before she could once more be folded in his embrace ! Before she could speak words of love, and welcome, and pity, and see him stand on his own threshold-stone, by the side of her Neil, as on that fatal morning when she looked back at them from the carriage window as she left for Edinburgh, not knowing that look was to be her last ! If, after all, they never should meet again on earth, after all her hopes and her triumphant justification !

Feverish was the life that Gertrude led during these days of helpless expectation. All the care of her which poor Lady Charlotte attempted to take seemed utterly in vain. Eating, sleeping, sitting still for more than a few minutes at a time, were all alike impossible. Yet she obeyed Lorimer's

counsel. He had adjured her not to attempt to join them, even should Sir Douglas be delayed on the road by any relaxing or variation in health,—at all events not to come unless sent for. In the tranquillity of his own home, let the broken soldier recover the agitation which must naturally follow such a meeting as they looked forward to.

She obeyed. She was patient. The day at length dawned, which should give its sunset light to their re-union. She read again and again the sweet brief line in her husband's own handwriting, "My Gertrude, I am coming home to be forgiven."

"*Forgiven!* Oh, love! oh, husband! oh, Douglas!" Scarcely could she refrain from such audible exclamations as broke the miserable meditations of her sleepless nights, when in her former grief she thought of him afar off, soothed by the songs of some stranger's voice.

The day wore on; the sound of wheels rapidly approaching was heard in the avenue. Louder and nearer it came; louder and nearer still; till it suddenly ceased, and the master of Glenrossie Castle stood once more at the portal of his forsaken home.

"My wife!" was all Sir Douglas said. Lorimer Boyd had stepped aside as they left the carriage, and caught young Neil to his breast. The aged butler stood trembling and tearful as his master leaned a moment for support on his arm, and passed feebly in, while Gertrude, with a mixture of tenderness, suffering, and triumph in her face, such as beams from the countenance of the wife in Millais's unequalled picture of the "Release," folded her arms round the stately form whose head bowed low as if unworthy her embrace, and sobbed aloud for very excess of joy.

Nothing could part them more! Nothing but death: the long weary grief was over: the lesson of patience ended. There was peace at last in Glenrossie!

What would my readers have more? The rest of my tale is briefly told, or may be briefly guessed. The sorrowful approach of Kenneth the day after his uncle's arrival; humbling himself to

the dust before the kindly pitying generous eyes that filled with tears as he bade him welcome. The triumph of Lady Charlotte, and the frolic of her curl, as she boasted of the justice done at last to her Gertie by the impetuous Sir Douglas, "who, however superior he might be thought by strangers, had owned himself entirely in the wrong." The iron spite of the Dowager Clochnaben, who resolutely crushed the tender little woman's joy; assuring her that the world merely saw the yielding of a "silly auld carle" in Sir Douglas's misplaced indulgence, "after all that had happened, you know;" and that as to Kenneth, "folk might call it penitence if they pleased, but she called it softening of the brain." The wondering gladness of Maggie, when the light broke in upon her that her slender Effie would one day hold her place at "the Castle" as the bride of young Neil, and so melt Torrieburn and Glenrossie into one glad home. And last, not least, the rest of heart that came to Lorimer, lonely though many of his days might be; looking back to the long, long friendship which had ever found him leal and true; from the boyish days at Eton, till the passions and anxieties of early years were looked back to like a dream, and he sat by the winter fire and discussed the hopes and fears of a new generation at Glenrossie, with "Old Sir Douglas."

Ailie had disappeared. There was indeed a rumour sent abroad in the narrow circles of Torrieburn and Glenrossie, that far North, in one of the bye-streets of the ancient city of Aberdeen, a spare and slender female lived, who answered her description; and whose occupation it was to prepare and execute cushions, and nets, and mats in soft coloured chenilles. Soft chenille that lightly covered the sharp wires beneath; so that when worn, and old, and broken, the faded trifle, ragged, and crooked, and witch-like, tore the inexperienced hand that lifted and fain would bend it back into shape. These, in their first soft freshness, she brought to the various hotels where visitors and sportsmen "put up," on

their tour far North: and they were sold as the work of 'a decent bodie who had seen better days.' Furtively, in the dim foggy autumn evenings, that lady made her rounds; scudding swiftly, — creeping softly, — gazing warily, — avoiding all greeting or recognition, gliding round the dark corners from the better streets to her forlorn garret in a grim and grey stone house, five stories high, with little solid windows black with age. She had told the sharp slatternly landlady, she "could not pay a heavy rent," and she "liked a high room:" she had been "used *all her life* to a very lofty room, though small."

The high stone staircase, greasy with filth, seemed indeed no fatigue to that spare figure. Swiftly she passed upward; so swiftly that the long ends of the shabby light bon she wore round her throat, waved in the air as if it had life: and only sometimes, if she heard voices, or saw some unusual glimmering light on the flats beneath her own as she ascended, she would pause, and peer with half-closed gleaming eyes, and swiftly vanish out of sight if she heard a door open or a footfall on the echoing stair.

Never was her own door open: never but by one rare chance, when she had gone out more hurriedly than usual with her chenille-work, because a Royal Princess was passing through the city of Aberdeen.

On that one rare occasion, a little meagre girl, tempted by curiosity, and the vista through the grim portal of those glossy, soft, bright-coloured materials, with their shining wire foundations glancing in the light, — stole in and stood by the table, absorbed in a mystery of admiration and contemplation. She never intruded again. That spare grim lady softly returned; gripped her suddenly by her bony little shoulders, and shook and "worreted" her as a cat might shake a mouse. She dared not beat her. The "neighbour" whose child she was might have hauled the cat-like lady to a police-office. She "only shook her." Shook her because she believed she was trying to learn how

to make those wire baskets and sheathe their claw-like feet in velvet chenille. But that shaking checked all curiosity, for a long time to come, in the little bony victim, — causing her to sit stunned and stupefied on the topmost step of the stone staircase, though in close vicinity to the awful door; unable to recover from her giddiness sufficiently to take refuge in the flat below where she dwelt, in happy squalor, with her bony little sisters and brothers.

Ah! how different was the lone garret in that stony house from the bright morning-room at Glenrossie!

There once more, in the glowing light of reconciled love, and the glorious autumn sunshine, sat Sir Douglas and his happy wife, talking of the past and future, with voices full of gladness and eyes serene with peace.

Only now and then, with a sigh of fond regret, Sir Douglas would lament the "two years and more of life wasted in distrust." And Gertrude, with her low voice full of all the music of tenderness, would answer that self-reproachful speech with its counterpart: "I ought to have told you all at first; I ought to have told you!" and echo back his sigh.

Once only she saw her vile and treacherous sister-in-law again. Once Sir Douglas and she were on their way to some pleasant visit near Inverness, and, during their halt in Aberdeen, they had taken a stroll in the outskirts of the town, near the sea.

There, in the grey evening, a spare figure stood, that waved its hands a moment as in some aching despair, and disappeared in the distance.

"What is it, Gertrude?" said Sir Douglas, as he drew her arm closer within his own.

"I thought I saw Ailie!" she answered quickly, and clung to that dear protecting arm. "I thought I saw Ailie looking out over the sea!"

Was it Ailie, indeed? and was she thinking of the awful day when the smuggler was murdered, or the day she hunted Frere down at last, or the love-day, on the hills at Glenrossie?

## SURVEYING IN ELDORADO.

A MERE youth fresh from school to the north of Tweed, the narrator of the following story had gone out, it appears, to San Francisco, to avail himself of "a great opening" secured by anxious friends. Ere long, as in many similar cases, sudden bankruptcy all at once expanded this opening to an unbounded opportunity of pushing his own fortune, whether by preference of the busy Pandemonium at hand, or of the eager Inferno in the distance of the Sacramento river. It was on the spur of a wild desire to escape that the lad made his choice. Thinking the mines a surer resource, he managed with no slight degree of juvenile readiness to find his way thither, and join a partnership in trying luck at the "placers." Hopes of decided success in this mode were closed by a sharp attack of fever and ague, which sent him back to town with proceeds insufficient for medicine or doctors. Here he was laid up in hospital till an incursion of cholera scared all convalescents out, and, half-recovered, he once more betook himself to his object. Business was always open in what went by the name of "the loafing and chancing line." There was a successful decorator of street-signs who for a time liberally employed him to hold up paint-pots; disagreeing with whom about the spelling of a Scotchman's name, he did a good stroke of work for the *Alta California* paper when its stock of printing-sheets failed under a press of news, by gathering and pasting together all sorts of scraps and shreds that could be used for the purpose. He subsequently acted for a brief period as assistant to a negro posting placards, and, on a misunderstanding between them, even joined "another darky" in whitewashing. Leaving the whole coloured connexion thenceforward, he refused a Chinaman's offer of

"commission on all washings brought in." A good situation which he obtained as "extra third cook" at a principal boarding-house, was at last leading to some degree of over-confidence. But, reaching one day above the stove-range for some plates, the poor fellow slipped, and burnt himself badly on the hot metal; consequently had to "lay by" for a time on little means save his credit, a thing of no wide margin with San Franciscans. There was added such slight aid as could be afforded by the friendly concern of a previous acquaintance, who casually fell in with and recognised him at this crisis—a young man named Lettsom, from the north of England, till then more forlorn than himself, as he only "did the clerking for an Irish" man at a crockery-store, having originally come out to manage the foreign "correspondence of a large house, but chiefly for the benefit of the climate." From the consequent intimacy proceeded the occurrence resulting so unexpectedly to both, and which we shall let our adventurer tell in his own words.

Lettsom was all at once paid off on a day's notice, contrary to agreement, as an old Frenchman offered his services cheaper. Poor Fred was quite down on his luck every way, as he had just been stirring me up again to get clear of the country along with him, as he meant at once to do, if ever a man did. Meanwhile, I was getting well again, and had obtained a good vacancy at a first-class restaurant, though only to start with bottle-washing; when one morning he came in, called me aside, almost out of breath with the news, and said he had been on board the *Golconda*, one of the Panama steamers in harbour, and found out accidentally there were berths open for cabin-waiters on the return-trip. I had not the least notion he would have

thought of such a thing, though eternally hanging about the outward-bound craft at spare hours ; and, for my own part, I did not just like it. The fact was, we might easily have shipped before the mast, if necessary, to work our passage round the Horn ; which I would still have preferred myself, after having seen it on our voyage out. However, he told me the wages offered him were thirty dollars for the trip, or agreement by the week if preferred, and the purser had evidently inclined to fix with him, but he had hurried back for me. As to my proposing the full voyage round, it would have been of no use, as besides his looking hardly the build for seawork—he was six feet high, and had got the name of “The Clipper” from being rather sharp-built about the shoulders—Cape Horn was not the latitude for a sort of cough he had got, owing to the sand-winds, as he always said. Moreover, in regard to myself, notwithstanding my work was light and pay good, I began to feel the stooping over hot steam bring back the ague, which was no trifle. Accordingly, I at once set myself to rights and went along with him to the wharf.

The moment we stepped into the saloons I saw how the land lay. Berths open, sure enough, there were ; but, from the pantry to the cook-range, steward included, all the rest were coloured gentlemen. It was a thing, after the experience I had had, that it did not enter my head for a moment to try ; still I advised Lettsom on no account to hang back for me, and, as it was plainly a notion with the purser to have a sprinkling of whites for the trip, Lettsom might very likely have had a berth if he had closed with it smartly. The purser, however, appeared to act surgeon as well, and, having a second look at him, spoke about the heavy work at times with passengers ; as if doubting his health, which always was a sore point with Lettsom. He got hot, and in the end his chance was swamped by a lot of candidates, most of them New York blacks, with white neckcloths and silver watchchains. We came away in

no mood to talk, but scarce had we stepped ashore when a young man came across the wharf to us, in a lofty kind of way, with a roll of flag-bunting under his arm, a quadrant in his hand, and a United States' eagle on his hat-ribbon, looking rather out of temper at our appearance. He immediately asked if we were not the two fresh hands engaged in town by Mr. Higley for Judge Tracy's surveying party under Government over the Contra Costa ; if so, we ought to know that Uncle Sam was not to be trifled with. The survey had to wait till we came, he said, and we ought to have met him at the first ferry-boat, as Mr. Higley appointed.

My friend only stared at the Government man, who spoke a little like a New York Dutchman, and, for all his importance, looked somewhat of a softish character. On the other hand I thought it as well to fence off with a question or two in our turn. His name was Steinberg, and he was chief axeman to the party ; Mr. Higley was the compassman or under-surveyor, and was still in town on other business, at the Parker House Hotel. It appeared the new hands were engaged to carry chain, the former pair having cut off on some mining speculation, with advances of pay which they had drawn. When the truth came out, the axeman got into better humour, and seemed to be sorry we were not the men, who had been described to him in a way to cause the mistake. His opinion was that they had very likely “got on a burst” with their friends, counting on the afternoon steamer, but might chance to turn up too late after all. At the same time, stout active young hands accustomed to the country were rather at a premium, and Steinberg thought I could not do better than walk up and see Mr. Higley, saying he had sent me. He mentioned that the pay for chainmen was \$80 per month, all found besides, and the survey would last half a year at least ; the terms, on the other hand, being that no advances could be asked, and that all arrears were forfeited if you left before date without permission. After that,

if you chose, you might take it out in picked land.

I accordingly lost no time in following Lettsom, who had shown no disposition to wait. He did not at first exactly take up my notion, but soon saw that, if the post could only be got, it did not bind us, and was in other respects the very thing to his mind. We made no delay in finding Mr. Higley, and, though a much sharper hand to deal with than the axeman, he was a good deal roused at the idea of his men not joining; at first evidently taking it for a dodge on our part. Taking out a gold watch like a chronometer, he saw there was not much time to look after them, and asked what we could do, what we knew, and whether we thought of taking out land-claims ourselves, as there must be some security this time. Lettsom had been spokesman up to that point, and, one of his fancies always being to avoid anything like an American accent, he was often supposed to speak broken English. Luckily, the surveyor did not seem to understand him when he began saying something about Euclid, logarithms, and so on, all of which, down to trigonometry and mensuration, he had told me was learnt at Durham schools. On this I pushed forward with a few words more to the point, stating several of the different jobs I had been about, the mines included, not forgetting the passage round the Horn. I did not say what side of the Atlantic I had sailed from, for the truth was, I had often of late been set down for States-bred, from somewhere down south; at the same time I took occasion to excuse my friend on the ground that he had come out as a British subject, and been but a short time in the States. The surveyor had given me a more satisfied look or two, and at last, eyeing us both over his shoulder, took out his cigar, and owned he had taken my friend for a Pole. He put up his legs again with the remark that he was too busy with some gentlemen about charts and town-plans to say more, but, as he had no time to hunt up the loafers in question, we might look down to the afternoon

ferry-boat and see if they kept muster. He rather calculated they would try it, and perhaps find themselves a darned way out of their reckoning.

We first settled what little matters were required to clear our feet; and, not having much to carry, I took care to get it lodged handy at a tavern. On the quays, where we waited and hung about, every two people we saw I kept thinking were the chainmen turning up, and the time seemed never to run out. At last we saw Steinberg, then Mr. Higley, coming down with a Chinese porter, and the boat began to get up steam; whereupon we went round to report ourselves. The missing men had not shown face as yet; indeed the surveyor said he was only in want of a city officer to take them if they did. The upshot was, that he told us, if we were ready to leave there and then on the month's trial, we might come aboard at once and sign the articles on the way over. No further ceremony was made on our part, but the steamer had not dropped her gang-board when I noticed a fellow with a bundle come tearing along to catch her. He stopped to look about for some one, and on his way in he seemed at a loss for the half-dollar; so, as no credit was given, he had to turn back for the time, being somewhat in a lousy state at any rate. The compass-man and Steinberg had gone in to liquor with some acquaintance at the steward's bar, and Lettsom was on the other side; accordingly I never felt sure that this was one of the missing hands. At all events he stood bewildered enough, and one could not help keeping shy of him as he stared after us against the sun, always keeping his hand over his eyes, and looking about for some one. He could not have been much older than I was myself, and was about my size. Then all at once a fellow without a hat came running to join him, who was taller, and might have been like my partner; only it was in the distance, with several more people following, who seemed to kick up some shindy or other—most likely their boarding-house folks. Curiously enough, long after,



when alone in my own shanty, I used to dream of those two, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but never in company; a kind of nightmare it was, very unpleasant.

We had scarce got all safely closed with Mr. Higley before we reached the Contra Costa shore; where another half-hour brought us snug into camp, on some fine open country among savannah and scrub, about half-way from the old mission of San Antonio to the new township of Oakland. Judge Tracy himself was absent. He had ridden over to see a Spaniard, a friend of his, that had met with an accident from a squatter on the Señor's *ranche*; for one great point in the survey was to settle various troubles between old Spanish titles and new claims. The rest of the party consisted of the second axeman, a lump of a Pike County lad, from Missouri, called Billy Rufus, with some other name he never could get mentioned; Tobin, the teamster, belonging to New Orleans, who thought some pumpkins of himself on that account, but otherwise about the easiest-tempered fellow ever raised in the States, and very decently inclined; also our cook-boy, Andrew, a little Malay, as lively as a cricket, and a perfect devil to rattle the bones, and sing and dance, beating niggers hollow at it, as well as a great dab at the queerest possible stews, always good. Steinberg had only to be out of hearing, when we found to our relief that Tracy had merely got the name of Judge through having acted in some lynch cases at the mines, and was understood to have first come out from Philadelphia on a speculation in clocks, which proved a failure. As for the compass-man, Mr. Higley, he was a much closer man, but thought by some to have even a greater amount of science. The truth was that, with the exception of the two head men, one would have thought the survey had managed to collect the softest-minded set of characters on that side of the Isthmus. Not one in our tent, except myself, had so much as seen placer-mud washed, or knew dry scales under a vein from copper-specks.

Next morning "smart" was the word. The first thing was some one in boots and spurs going round the tent in a desperately active state, kicking it up and stamping to some chorus of a song, which was often enough heard afterwards if the surveyor began work in a good mood—

"Rouse out, ye hell cats, and come to revellee,  
Don't ye hear the adjutant on the balconee?"

Old Tobin said it was our Boss, the Judge, and in very fine spirits too. The compass-man, who had [a share of his bell-tent, joined him directly, and his riding-horse was looked after. Everything was then set a-going to fall to work in earnest.

Our first trials were over old ground, tolerably level, and most of it well bounded with creeks, watercourses, or known tracks, where the Spanish Government had not marked it plain already. It turned out that the Judge's Spanish friend, Señor Villarez, was dead, leaving a widow in very good circumstances; and, if her title proved correct to the whole land in question, she would be among the richest proprietors on the Contra Costa. But would her title prove correct? There was a difficulty with the squatter, who had shot her husband; and there were more than one settler and speculator in new town-lots who had gone to some expense on their claims, and would lose the whole unless they compounded pretty smartly, supposing survey to agree with the Spanish titles. At that time there was a more regular government forming in the state, many delegates to the new Convention being Spanish; and Monterey was to be the place for it to sit in. Accordingly, Judge Tracy was much looked to in this matter of the widow's title, as it would bear on others in dispute, while there was no danger of his wanting backers whichever way his report should lean.

For days together we did nothing but go over the old lines, rooting for what was left of the original measure-posts, with a little crowd of Oakland people after us, mixed with a mounted Spaniard

or two, and an occasional old Digger Indian in raw-hide waistbands. Toward the end, our chief, the Judge, was considerably annoyed by the wild Spanish cattle, which ran along at the flags, and would often make a grand charge at a red shirt he wore over his clothes. He had an attorney from San Francisco to deal with besides, who acted on the above-mentioned squatter's part—a man I knew by sight already, and somehow always had a fear of—named Lawyer Peabody, six feet and a half high, with immense big feet and a hook-nose. He rode about considerably on his client's business. The Judge, however, it must said, held up wonderfully throughout; no one could have said which way it was to go. The idea was none the less taken up among us that it would show in the long-run for American rights. At length, to our no small surprise, things turned out quite the contrary. Orders came back from town that soon finished Lawyer Peabody's visits. He rode off the last time as black as thunder. The squatter, too, after swearing no end of vengeance, had to make tracks rather far to carry it out. We were shifting camp ourselves by this time, and went off to measure new ground among the redwood ranges.

This was a different matter altogether. The country lay well for stock, with fine rolling land for ordinary sections, and plenty of back-room through scrub to the hills or redwood gullies; occasionally a natural clearing, handy to water, for new town-lots; all of it to be laid off and accounted for. The Judge, when present—as he now frequently chanced not to be—took the transit instrument; Mr. Higley with the compass then fixed what is called a bearing object, which he showed us through the glass, after working various screws to suit; but, whatever he knew himself, he must have learnt it very practically indeed, as he never could explain it clearly, and went into a rage if so required. I being fore-chainman, my duty was to take line in hand and make right over everything for the mark, with the counting-pins at my

belt; Fred was hind-man, so that the charge lay on his shoulders to keep straight, giving me various directions, right, left, steady, and so on, till we were fairly in line to plant the second pin at the proper distance. He then cried "Stick!" and "Stuck" was the answer; leaving the pin to be taken up when he reached it, by which time a third had been stuck ahead, and so on, till all were used on a bee-line. This made "one out," when we each pulled a string out of the first hole in our tally-straps, and passed the word along; all the pins but one being then returned to the fore-chain, who again set off as before. As soon as eight holes were out in this manner, it made half a mile; whereupon both of us sung out for all hands to hear, "Eight out." At this the axemen dug a hole for a post; a piece of charcoal had to be dropped below all, from a bag carried by the fore-chain; the soil was then filled in, a mound made, and the post, with Government marks, driven down on it. If any question rose afterwards, this made sure against disputes; as, even though posts got rubbed out, or the mounds grown over, or washed off, the bit of charcoal would last. As to *our* taste for the work, Lettsom's main complaint was its giving one's mind no occupation, so as to leave his thoughts always free; it was plain he kept up solely by counting the days to the month's end, and the pay that became due. For my part, it was rather the opposite way. It gave me considerable trouble to keep the marks in view, count the pins, recollect the different distances, and remember to bring charcoal, or calculate how much we might need. In most respects it was by no means an unpleasant sort of life. Moreover, it was agreeing with both of us particularly well as to health, for the dregs of the ague had quite left me, and Lettsom's cough was altogether gone.

Rough ground was not the worst for us two, after all. Our turn soon came to take it somewhat easier, when, from doing a stretch of perhaps nine miles a day, it was considered good if we did three, over rocks, cracks, and chapparral as thick as heather, but six times the

height, among the spurs of the hills from San Mateo. Instead of the axemen sauntering on to meet us, with a mule to carry their posts, both of them now had a precious tough time of it, cutting our way through, or perhaps having to throw a bridge over some gully, when a big tree stood convenient to fall across; we meanwhile lighting a pipe as we waited, and looking at them like lords. Mr. Higley would be picking his way round to the next station, with the Malay to carry his articles, whilst the Judge rode a circuit for the spot; old Tobin being left to shift camp as he best might. It took some days to do the last four or five miles, and at the end there were parts that had to be marked by computation.

The month's trial for us chainmen now ran out, at a time when it would have been very inconvenient to fill our places, more particularly as, the farther we got from Oakland, where some kind of a land committee met together, the oftener had Judge Tracy to make visits thereabouts, and the longer was he absent. This appeared to unsettle him considerably, so that more was left on Mr. Higley's shoulders. Still, it was understood to be for the purpose of having their Government contract changed to a regular fixed appointment under the new State, and accordingly our compass-man seemed no way ill pleased in the matter. He had the whole charge on such occasions, and soon found it was no use giving the compass to his pet hand, Steinberg. He had to fall back on Fred Lettsom, who had really more in his headpiece than the whole of us taken by the slump, and so had just then begun to prove important. Higley would doubtless have liked him none the better, evidently keeping a sharp eye on him to this time through the Dutchman, as aught in the shape of book-learning went specially against the grain with our under-surveyor. No sooner, however, did he begin to make light of our old Boss himself, meaning to trip up his heels, as was afterwards proved, than it of course mattered less if Fred got into the Judge's good graces. They were all

taken, consequently, aback at finding that my friend decided to leave at our term, and that I must needs hold with him. Nothing was said to us direct; but, the surveyor himself being absent, Steinberg came to me the last afternoon, which was a Sunday, with word from Mr. Higley, that this part of the survey must be finished within six months from commencement. Of course, what pay was due we could draw as we thought fit, with the usual advances besides: he even went the length of a hint that the new arrangements might alter everything, and all the changes be in different hands. Although far from liking the Dutchman's go-between ways, I at once said it was my own inclination to stay on, and I would have a talk over it with Lettsom. This I lost no time in doing. I told him I was quite ready to drop the employment, as he had done on my account in the steamer. I asked him plump, however, what was the use of our getting home just then, with our passage-money made, to land no better than a couple of beggars; whereas, six months or a year after, we might leave San Francisco with at least a thousand dollars each (some 2007.), still working our passage free, if we chose. This struck him forcibly, for he stood looking hard at me for a moment or two, and then, having nothing to answer, turned off in some evident annoyance, walking out of sight among the bush. I did not see him to speak to till next day. He then told me I was no doubt right, and he had made up his mind to stop.

It was really our surveyor's interest to push ahead. On joining us, he often fell to in high spirits, setting everything astir, and going at it with the best. At other times, if he had been too free in refreshing on the way, his temper was a caution. He had been a very good-looking man, which he still was bent on keeping up when on his expeditions. He had a first-rate trunk in his tent, and a dressing-case, whereby he could manage to tog himself out almost beyond knowledge ere riding off; then again he would get back to his old

oilskins and glazed hat for work. It was noticed that he seldom inclined to leave us as the weather grew wet, the tracks in fact getting bad for long rides; though old Tobin's belief was that he used a hair-dye, and, if he had gone on a sudden into company during the rainy season, might have been taken for a Huron in war-paint. Sometimes, after shifting his clothes, nevertheless, he would leave Mr. Higley to make up the day's work with Steinberg, whom he had no fancy for, and would come in to our fire with a guitar he kept by him, and get the Malay to sing all sorts of words to what he called Spanish airs. His main weakness seemed to lie in the Spanish quarter. He said he was Spanish himself by the mother's side, and, so far as his voice went at helping Andrew, which was worse than nothing, we made out his favourite strains to concern ladies. Situated as we were, where even a Digger Indian squaw became pleasant to see, the wonder was how the Judge managed to keep in mind that such creatures existed. Not but that an occasional sample turned up of what stood for them. At times, when we got a bit of private survey to do by the way—for which payment was made accordingly—our party was usually boarded by the people on the ground, and supplied with the best fare in their power. There was one family that had a sister with them, and another man was of the Mormonite creed, and had contrived to get two wives to his own share, but so unsatisfactory that he owned he had come to the wrong location altogether. He had no family after all, and one was always running off on a burst to get liquor, unluckily always coming back again; as to the other, she kept close enough by the stove, but had got wrong somehow about her head, and if she took a spite to any one, as she often did to strangers, was apt to show it.

At one place a couple of days' work was done for a Colonel Rigg, living with his two sons in a shanty. The place was not over twelve feet square, almost filled up with the stove and bunks, from one of which bunks our Boss

hung out his feet, our host sticking his into another. He had a large map of the United States hung up, with two or three excellent-looking rifles, and a sort of helmet which I took at that time for a yeomanry or cavalry one; though afterwards, on seeing the New York firemen, I knew it must have belonged to that department. He had, it appeared, taken a great hand in getting up the celebrated Vigilance Committee; for which a piece of plate had been presented to him, as he said, though parted with on account of expenses in stocking his land. However, he remarked, with a wise nod, it might possibly not be the last article of the sort in his family, as he heard things were looking very bad again in town, and he could swear the same himself in regard to the settlements. He had taken out 160 acres of what he understood was Government land, with water-power for a lumber saw-mill he was erecting, and plenty of back-run for sheep; and now he had got it measured all square, he was very much pleased, and meant to hold it against all the rancheros and hacendistas in the country. He thought the Spaniards had "too much say" in the country, and were playing into each other's hands. However, he was going up to town shortly, upon a different piece of business, and, when he went into the Plaza of San Francisco, he remarked, it was about equal to vigilance, for Lynch was the word, the fire-bell rang, the mayor and a lot of lawyers would slope at once, only they could fix it no how. He had already given us a shrewd notion of what his other business consisted in. It referred to his getting married for the first time since his arrival in California. The other "party" seemed to have no end of offers, and no wonder, being in San Francisco, engaged in some department at the Franklin House. He was getting very impatient, and showed us her miniature done by a Chinaman. Most likely from the latter circumstance, it had rather the look of a washerwoman ready for church, caught poring into her own teacup.

Shortly after this, the fixed appoint-

ment was got that had been in question; settling the surveyorship, it appeared, under the local State, instead of Congress. This, we were told, was the only difference; so that in other respects we stood as before. Pretty sharp orders had evidently come at the same time. If any proof had been wanting as to the stir at headquarters, it came in the shape of a fresh hand they sent out from San Francisco, recommended by the Board for handiness at draught and calculating work; whether to help the Judge or Mr. Higley neither seemed sure. The main impression was that he was meant for a check in general, if not some kind of a spy. His name was Viner. He was a middle-aged man, who looked as if he had come through a good deal and could see round corners, but he said he only wanted to make himself useful. Having a particularly good waterproof cloak, not to mention a stock of fresh Government blankets, he was not long in being posted, without much ceremony, by Mr. Higley. After proving no hand with an axe, he got my own original department; I being regularly promoted to carry tail-end in Lettsom's place, while Lettsom assisted the observations, each with a rise of pay. Things then went on in the right groove. I understood both points by that time sufficiently to keep Viner going ahead, though the soft state of the ground was often against us. The axemen had enough to do without filling up quagmires or damming water-runs, and it was no use stopping to argue about it. At first he would want to empty one of his boots, but they soon saved him the trouble. Mine had caved in long before, and what he went over I had to cross too. The rest used to grin at us as we jumped along in this style, putting down the pins like fellows planting out swamp-  
rice; while for my part I took it well out in shaking chain at him to drive him along, till he really was a caution to loafers, with his hair tucked behind his ears, his stove-pipe hat tight down, and his tail-coat flying from under his waterproof, and a desperate look ahead like a down-easter on his first trail. How-

ever, it might have been better for some of us if Viner had got his choice, and he was soon the means of throwing the whole party into a very awkward fix.

Among the few points he was now answerable for, he had to carry the bag full of charcoal as before stated, ready to drop into the post-holes. The charcoal was easy enough provided every morning from the camp-fire; but, owing to over-caution how he loaded himself, he often ran short before sun-down, or, forgetting it altogether, had to hurry back for a supply. Between the two, it was thought he occasionally served the turn by help of any mud or old roots that looked suitable; at which most of us would have winked if it saved time, as the mounds were not likely to be opened in our day. Nevertheless, one afternoon, at the closing of a section, Mr. Higley came up to the last angle-post, which had just been finished to all appearance correct,—notches, numbers, and all. Whether he was in any temper from words with the Judge, who followed at his ease down a gully adjoining, or whether they had both wanted some plan of getting to the bottom of Viner, it struck the compass-man he would have the post rooted up again, and the earth shovelled out. This the axemen were at once set to do; we meanwhile resting, in prospect of a sweet turn-up. Nothing whatever had been found when, all at once, after digging deep enough to have buried the man, Rufus dropped his tool, then went butting his head down and clawing like a terrier at a fox-earth. Steinberg at the same time jumped up with a hat full of stuff, and held out a handful to Mr. Higley. Our compass-man no sooner had looked than he dropped his instrument-case with something liker a fair oath than usual, and sang out for water. He called by name to me, as I was the only one present but himself that had been at the mines. Sure enough there were surface-specks among it, and even a scale or two here and there in the rest, as if a real gold-vein might possibly run into the watercourse near by. Moreover, as we looked round, the whole place had the



very look of a likely gulche, with rough ribs in it, coming down on loose sand, and plenty of white stones in the stream, which we knew to be quartz; added to which, it was Government ground, away from any known placers, so as easily to be kept snug for a while. In a moment the word was passed; before you knew where you were, Mr. Higley himself was washing the dirt in his hat, Viner running with the drink-can, Fred and I fisting along the stuff, while the others were digging out in a way to have made a pretty hole ere long. Gold there was beyond doubt, though it was still questionable if it were more than the colour of it, as they say. Once or twice Mr. Higley looked to me in a meaning style, till, after trying the dregs fairly, he jumped up, pitched it all out, said it was no use, and referred to me, as I had tried the same notion before, to back his words. His eye showed he had made up his mind; besides which, he made a sign that turned my eye up the gully. Where the surveyor had managed to get across stream, and stood hallooing to us, apparently to lose no time in crossing too. We had almost forgotten Judge Tracy, but he seemed less to notice what was up than to be anxious about our gaining camp. For all this the men kept on working—Viner among the keenest; even Fred Lettsom with a raised look I had never seen before in him, and the rest as dogged as mules. The compass-man's six-shooter was in his hand. I had mine in my belt as usual, and I took it out as he nudged me. He ordered the axemen to shovel all in again and put the post in rightly; the first man besides that stirred Government ground in the next half-minute, or interfered further with survey, he would shoot him dead that instant. This settled matters quick enough. Every one saw it was safer to stick to Uncle Sam; and without further satisfaction the post was set square again, and we crossed for camp, which was shifted soon after.

During the latter portion of this time, the tents were set down in a spot that would have been exceedingly pleasant, save for the wet season. It was towards

the head of the bay, in the direction of San Mateo, the most beautiful part of the whole Contra Costa. A creek ran within a few yards of us, abounding in spotted trout, and another fish, like mullet, occasionally salmon of the largest size; everywhere round were quail and such-like game—not to speak of the small native deer of the country, and the chance of starting an elk—both being plentiful on the other side, near the hills. On a Sunday, of course, we were at liberty to do as we chose, and, so far as Mr. Higley was concerned, no hindrance lay against fishing, shooting, or the use of the mules to visit any settlement within reach. Old Tobin, however, was a very religious character; and, after shaving smooth himself, and going in to do the same for the Judge, he regularly came out to hold forth a little to whosoever would hear him, making always sure of poor Andrew at the stove. The Judge used commonly to hold off, and what the teamster said was mostly too stale for the rest. One of these Sundays, I recollect, it was less showery outside than usual, and, as Lettsom and I followed the others, there could scarce have been cheerier weather to see. The running creek was before us—with every now and then the sound of a shot, that spoke well for dinner-time;—in fact, the scenery looked like park-land in the Highlands—as it often does in California—save that there was no danger of keepers. Over from the other bank you could smell the wet redwood hills in the sun, like whole mountains of larch and spruce, but far sweeter; and the trees stood out like cedars, as it struck me at the time. Fred was seemingly quite in the spirit of it; but all at once a gloomy turn came over him. He flung aside his rod, throwing himself down with some remark I could not make out,—except that it turned on my own fancy regarding the redwoods. Both our fathers happened to be of the clerical profession, a thing that had doubtless helped to draw us together; the main difference being that in his case it was the Church of England. His father was still alive at the vicarage, in the county of Durham.



How his thoughts had taken this turn I did not know; at any rate he spoke about having almost forgotten what a Sunday meant. He said that the morning service was just then begun in Edgeside church, so that he could follow the very words. After that we spent a great part of the day in talking about old matters. He had two letters and a daguerreotype likeness of his sister, which served to eke it out; this last being a thing that he had often shown me, as he always carried it about with him. A particularly pleasant face it showed, with a lively expression, but not what is called beautiful. I asked Lettsom if he still wanted to break through the surveying engagement, as I had no mind but to stick by him. He said "no;" he meant to hold through with it. The sum due to us at finishing was certainly not to be thrown away on a whim.

On our way down through Oakland again, we took the new team-track for convenience, which led right through the town. We found it wonderfully increased in size and business; in addition to which there was an extra stir at this time, as delegates to the new Convention were being chosen all over the country, and this was the morning of the day fixed for Oakland elections. We had thus an opportunity of seeing some of it as we passed. The Judge had gone off on what he called committee business, and the wagon and team were ahead of us, Tobin and the Malay pushing through before much notice was taken. But Mr. Higley got down to talk with some acquaintances, among whom it struck us we saw no less a gentleman than Lawyer Peabody from San Francisco city, looking busier than ever before. They had got out of sight when, as we came along the main street, a cry was raised of "Uncle Sam's men." Immediately there appeared about a score of rowdies, who had been cracking cowhide whips and war-whooping round, and now joined hands across to bring us up. Lettsom and I were on the two Spanish pack-mules, with which we first tried to charge through, then to cut round by a corner. But it would not do. We were

pulled off at once, the crowd being nevertheless in high spirits, and everybody pleased to see us. The polling had just begun in a tent opposite; at one side was a liquor-booth with the American State flags flying, an open barrel of cigars at the door, and everywhere at hand all sorts of placards, streamers, and signs, for about a dozen candidates that were out. What was wanted of course was our votes; and, as it did not interfere with survey, and the hour chanced to suit, no one ever dreamt of a difficulty except Fred Lettsom, who stood glooming at them all. It was drink and cigars free afterwards, at county expense; Mr. Higley had voted already, we found, and, as to Steinberg and the others, they made no bones of it, but were ready to go in without delay. For my part, as I was told we had got to do it, I only asked if there was any compulsion regarding different candidates; and it seemed to be thought not, only we must vote for four out of the number. Not belonging to Oakland, the fact was we did not know who they were; at the same time every one was doing his best to inform us, telling us who stood for the Free-Place Ticket, the Foreign Exclusion Movement, or the Oakland Plank Road Principle. I happened to look up at the biggest show-bill, where I saw no less a name staring than that of Joshua L. Peabody of San Francisco for the Constitutional Democratic principle. My mind was made up that moment. "Anyhow," I said to Steinberg, "Whig or Tory, I don't vote for J. L. Peabody;" and it was a mere toss-up for the four names I pitched upon. The rest somehow took up the notion. The word of the day inclined to be, "Anyhow, I don't vote for Peabody;" so that by the end of the poll, at all events, he stood near the foot of all, losing the dealership altogether by a long chalk. This was, of course, a fresh grudge against Survey. On going out, however, there was enough to think of with Lettsom, for he had stood like a stock in his place, till no end of a disturbance was being caused. He refused even to give

a reason for not voting. "Is it not enough to say," persisted he, absurdly enough, "that I do not wish it?" "That don't git you off, stranger, nohow you can fix it," cries one party; "Gov'tment-employed, an' throwin' contempt on free institutions hereaway," sings out another; "Some Free-soil notion, I guess?" said others; some asking if he stood for Separation, Filibustering, or even Salt Lake ideas—if so, only to out with them and vote for it. No time was to be lost, if he was not to be lynched in the end, or tarred and feathered at the least; accordingly I got among the busiest and explained how things stood. Being from the old country, and never having had time as yet to take out his free papers, the truth was he had no title to vote; which, I went so far as to say quietly, he was ashamed to own. This set matters right at once. "How? D'you tell? Oh darn it, that alters," said most of them; and the only trouble afterwards was to get away without too much liquoring.

We now worked to the foot of the bay, opposite the harbour of San Francisco, and the Golden Gate itself; where some hundreds of square miles had to be laid out on fresh ground. This was heavy business, the weather getting worse than before, and the low-lying land occasionally taking us in to the knees from the chain. During the measurements in this quarter, two or three rather ticklish chances were run by the party. These I shall pass over, though they were bad enough at the time, to come to what now lies most fixedly in my memory.

Our Judge seemed to take matters easier, and to intend keeping with us till the end, when one day Higley himself called attention to our want of proper stores, proposing of his own accord that Tracy should go to Oakland at once, suitably both with his private business and this as well. He seemed rather anxious about it, undertaking that no delay should occur to the work; and the Judge, being apparently in the best of tempers, made no opposition, but had his nag and saddle-bags,

and left us at work, taking the direct track for Oakland. He was not long gone when the week's measurements were finished; and, as the next lay on the other side of the hills, we had either to lie by till he came back, or strike tents to a distance where it might cost trouble to find us, unless he had the plans by heart. This last, Mr. Higley said, was not the case; besides, he had been in too great a hurry to leave clear orders; accordingly, we had better knock off for the time. Not a little to our surprise, however, we found that Mr. Higley was going to make a trip too, and spend the Sunday in San Francisco. Stranger still, before dusk, when he was just setting out afoot in the direction of San Antonio to borrow a horse he spoke of on that track, the camp had a flying visit from Lawyer Peabody and a companion, who proved to be his old client, Ikey Dunrimmons, the trapper and squatter. Old Tobin thought, from the time they stayed in the surveyor's tent, they were looking up his private papers. He overheard the lawyer say, if Spanish bribery could be proved, Tracy might as well run up the tree; also, that he certainly had not gone this time to Oakland, as they had followed his trail. In fact, the squatter had seen him that afternoon near Colonel Rigg's location, with the colonel and his two sons. He appeared to be making for the back-runs and mines; and, as the lawyer evidently had something against him, and talked loud about a fresh Vigilance Committee then forming, their notion was that he had absquatulated altogether. The upshot was that the squatter went off in chase. Mr. Higley then came and gave us our orders for another week. Steinberg had full charge, and we were to shift camp inland, over the creek of Panchita. Mr. Higley and Lawyer Peabody went off together by the first starlight.

Next working-day we started, with signs of great improvement in the weather, though over tracks in the worst condition, and soon upon none whatever. Still we pushed forward by dint of some pains with the team—all

four being in the traces—while Lettsom and I, being free from special charge of the two troublesome Spanish mules, which usually fell on us, had more private talk than of late. The sun shone out, the swamps and runs were considerably fallen, and, what with circumventing them, or pulling right through to our middle in water, it was managed till we came to the Panchita, not many miles from the station in view. This was a very ugly stream indeed, where Tobin at once proposed camping for the day, as it was hill-fed and there was no way of striking higher; whereas it was likely to fall ere another morning, if no portage were hit upon. Steinberg, however, had the lead. He said he had his orders, and the surveyor must know where to find us; then the sky looked like coming on again by night. Accordingly we took to one of Higley's contrivances for crossing; which lay in taking off the wagon-bed, fresh caulking it, loading carefully, and getting it over by trips, with the help of ready-made oars. This was done several times, till everything was across save the mules and spare hands in charge of them. It had then got too late to move farther; so the tent was pitched on a snug spot on the other bank, where Tobin and little Andrew had things to rights in a twinkling, with a good fire close in sight. The two American wheelers had to be swum over behind the float, one a time, which they did quietly; but, while we were busy at this, it was found the Spanish pair had broken their tethers and strayed. The axeman Rufus and myself at once started after them, and succeeded as usual with some trouble. It was by that time not only sun-down, but raining so as scarce to let us two, who had been left on the one side, see the fire on the other. Steinberg now hailed us, to say that the float leaked, but if we looked sharp about it we could easily swim the Spanish mules over, unless we could wait till the float was fixed properly again. It was a nice mess—not a shanty within many miles, the rain thickening, and the water looking uglier than ever as it went past, full of twigs and turf. Billy Rufus had often

bragged about managing all sorts of cattle, though the fact was that none of the mules would ever take to him; though, in regard to swimming, Lettsom excepted, he was the only one of the party safe to try it; and, as I decidedly objected to remaining till the moon rose, he concluded at last to risk the thing. The fellow was shrewd enough to lay hold of Sancho, the bell-mule, a Mexican-bred beast; I could have got it to do anything I wished, and it was always like a pony under Lettsom, who had kindly ways with animals. The Missouri lad headed off boldly, with me in his wake; but no sooner did he lose bottom in the middle than, at a start he made on the halter, and a flourish of his legs the wrong way up, the cunning old mule dived right under him, and swam upstream to the other bank, leaving Rufus to flounder down and wade out all safe for camp. Of course, little Pepita at once followed suit, fairly capsizeing me and turning straight back; but luckily with the tether in my hold, so as to draw me out half choked, with a sprig of willow sticking almost down my throat. I was now the only one of the party left on the wrong side. They had roused up the camp-fire, and came out with lighted brands opposite me, waving and hailing to know if I was safe. I went forward, and sang out not to trouble themselves further, as there were trees enough for shelter, and, if they could only chuck over a tinder-box, with something or other to eat, I could wait till as long as required. The little Malay was in the habit of using a Spanish *riata* (or lasso), and I said he could surely give me a catch of it, to pass a line over. At that I heard men speaking together, but nothing was done, and they went out of sight again; which I thought rather cool. Still, knowing the moon would soon be up, when they could not help doing something, I was not long in raising a fire, Indian fashion, where the pitch-pot had been, and lit a pipe, and made the best of it. By this time it got so quiet, the drops could be heard on the creek, with the current working through the

rank tulé-beds alongside. Nothing else stirred, until I caught a sound coming out cautiously to the streak betwixt the two lights, where the stream ran blackest. Getting up, there sure enough I discerned a mule's head steering to the current, with some one's face beyond its ears. Whoever it was, he had a coil of raw hide in hand, and some heavier line stretched back towards the other bank, evidently intended to make fast, and no doubt run a sling over. I held my breath, to avoid startling the mule, till he should sing out; but, whether he flung the line at sight of me waiting, whether it got hampered about Sancho's flank, or something in the water struck his legs, I never knew. Suddenly the beast gave a plunge, and shied uppermost in the stream; then I saw nothing but an arm thrown up with a desperate cry. It seemed to last till my brain reeled, as I ran down and came yelling back to rouse the camp. Some one ashore on the other side was hallooing like a fool, shaking the chain in the water, and asking if he was to haul taut to the tree. It was that useless block-head, Viner. I only hoped to God the other had been little Andrew, ill as we might spare the poor heathen; but there was nothing beside me to tell, except the mule on the bank, shaking itself dry like a dog and snorting, with its big eyes all of a stare. One half of the *riata* hung loose from the horn of the Spanish saddle, the other half bearing up the slack of our survey-chain, that led back across as the creature stood still. The rest were all astir, driving hither and thither to no better end. Then certainty came upon me that it was Lettsom who had run the risk on my account, and was gone. It was the truth. They had left him to manage it, with the help of Viner, while the supper was getting ready, and they were dozing round the fire.

His body was found in the morning, several miles down, grounded among the tulé-beds, by a Spaniard, who thought he must belong to our party. It was carried on to the surveying-ground, where, neither Mr. Higley nor the Judge appearing for some days, nothing was

done during that time, so that I had more leisure than desirable to think over it. It was double hard, not only to know how he met his death, but how he dwelt to the last on our going home, while I had inclined the other way. He was about twenty-three years of age and belonged to the neighbourhood of Durham—some place called Edgeside, where his father was vicar. As he had told me this among other things, I knew where to get a letter sent, along with his pay, and the few little matters he had left, of which I took charge till Mr. Higley should arrive. These mainly consisted of two or three letters and his sister's likeness.

To our no small surprise, as before, it was Judge Tracy who now joined us, and there was no word whatever of Mr. Higley, till the Judge mentioned, in a passing way, that he had fallen in with him in town, and he would not be long in joining, but had got a little hurt in the disturbances there. The old Boss no sooner heard about poor Lettsom than he showed more feeling than some gave him credit for. He offered to write the letter himself, which would be forwarded all safe, along with the property and money due, to the British agent in San Francisco. Everything was now in better order there, he informed me. The governor of the jail had been put inside for trial, several other leading men along with him; two or three most infernally swindling principals of firms, gaming-house decoys, and Sydney ducks, as well as a certain banker from Philadelphia, had been strung up; while other gentlemen had only been acute enough to join a stampede for the mines. Colonel Rigg and his two sons had been called into town on a sudden; it had occurred to the surveyor, on hearing this, that he might as well join them, and they had had the start of Lawyer Peabody and Mr. Higley in carrying out the Vigilance Committee, which they were equally bent upon.

All we had to do was to see about a decent burial for poor Lettsom. For want of a better place, this was done at the starting-angle of our new measurements,

where the first post would stand. The country rose at this spot—several fine maples and dog-woods growing above on hard, broken ground, and not likely to be stirred when thesections were cleared; and there was a small water-run below. The surveyor belonged to the Episcopal Church himself; accordingly, he had thought of repeating some of the proper service on the occasion. But little of it came to his mind,—and, after standing a bit, the axemen were left to fill up and fix the post, a larger one than ordinary, with Lettson's initials cut below the Government marks. We then looked through the instrument, took the bearings, lifted chain, and went right up hill, sticking the pins as usual and calling out the marks, till the place was left behind. After squaring back upon it some days subsequent, I never chanced to be in that part of the Contra Costa again.

Meanwhile Mr. Higley rejoined, and we went on briskly with survey. The weather was coming back to heat, with nothing to interrupt us further till our agreement closed, save the ordinary shiftings of camp. As to the difference between the Judge and Mr. Higley, and the Judge's chances of being called to account for his proceedings, it turned out that, whenever the new local Government was in order at San Francisco, the Judge had offered to stand any examination required. The truth was, if any one had a charge against him, it was lost with the old Land Committee, who were thoroughly dried up and cleared out; while, at the same time, every fault must bear equally against Mr. Higley, who ought to have understood the survey. The upshot was, that Judge Tracy, instead of being brought to any trial, was greatly thought of and praised. However, to their astonishment apparently, at least to Higley's, he said he intended retiring on a land-claim himself, and taking to agriculture in his latter days. In other words, he resigned the post, so far as regarded any new measurements, only consenting to finish the present plans.

On the day of our being paid off, accordingly, the Judge wrote out our

orders, and told us he was going. His horse stood ready outside the tent, to go into town—in the neighbourhood of which we then were. However, he wished that all who meant to spend the day in San Francisco would meet him at the Parker House, and liquor before parting. Mr. Higley had now got the head berth, and seemed to count upon most of us re-engaging. But Steinberg and Viner were the only hands who did so. The new surveyor was in his tent when we left, in fact, and did not think fit to look out of it. We lost no time in getting back to see a little life once more, but did not fail to take advantage of the old Boss's invitation. We found him at the Parker as appointed, where some friends were then with him. He came out immediately, however, behind the bar, followed by some of the others, among whom was Colonel Rigg himself. We were most kindly welcomed, each of them standing cocktails round, which were of course returned. Early as it was in the day, both the Judge and Colonel were in most uncommon high spirits, and dressed so smartly that Tracy might have been taken for a different man altogether. He said he was pressed for time, remarking, with a sort of snigger, that he had an engagement to keep sharp by noon, at the Mission Dolores, out of town, in connexion with his farming prospects. The Colonel at that point broke out with a laugh, half horse, half alligator, while the rest kept nudging him; whereupon the truth soon came out. They were both going off to the old Spanish chapel to be regularly married, by the *padres* there; and the astonishment of all hands may be conceived when we heard that the Judge had succeeded in fixing matters with the Señora Villarez, of the Hacienda Real, widow to the Spanish ranchero whose ground we had first surveyed, after the dispute with Ikey Dunrimmons, the squatter who shot him. As we had all something to do with the bride's good luck, whereby she proved one of the wealthiest proprietors in Oakland county, it was not difficult to see how cautiously our worthy Boss

had managed. Not one of us but admired it more, the longer we thought of it; meanwhile, after a last mint-julep on the head of it, at his expense, we wished them luck and went off. I afterwards heard that the Judge's hacienda got much built upon. He went into Convention at the next election, on the Spanish interest, and, having some right to a title from his mother's side, was none the less thought of, often holding the floor against Peabody, who got in likewise, but was said to fight shy of him.

Thus conclude our adventurer's expe-

riences. Having surveyed the scene, he naturally proceeded to convert the results to some ultimate benefit for the future. Time showed him, in the endeavour to turn Eldoradian land-claims into fortune, that it was really no good joke to have slipt through Transatlantic tests of citizenship in virtue of a youthful freedom, and no trifle to have attracted the unfriendly notice of the Lawyer Peabody, whose recognitions never dropped. Enough to add that, after trial and perseverance sustained throughout no less than ten weary years, chance joined hands again with these, to conduct him home at last.

END OF VOL. XVI.

LONDON:

R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,  
BREAD STREET HILL.



,  
e  
e  
r-  
is  
d  
ic  
ul  
ed  
a-  
d.  
er-  
ess  
ed  
im